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Eliza ~~Ann~~ Holland

from her Cousins at Newbury

Jan 1. 1842.



WEALTH AND WORTH;

OR,

WHICH MAKES THE MAN?

By  
Epes Sargent

The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
Is king of men for a' that.—BURNS.

NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-ST.

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1842.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THIS is the first of a contemplated series of "American Family Tales." The greater part of our current literature, both for young and old, is of English origin, often unsuited in its tone to a full sympathy with our republican institutions, and generating associations with foreign scenes and modes of life, instead of fostering sentiments of attachment to our own native soil and people.

To infuse an earnest, independent, American spirit, uncontaminated by intolerance toward other governments and nations—to encourage a taste for gratifications of the intellect in preference to those of the senses, without forgetting the superior importance of the inculcation of those principles of action, which a reverential faith in the divine origin of the Christian code of morals enforces—such will be the paramount objects regarded in the preparation of these tales.

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WEALTH AND WORTH;  
OR,  
WHICH MAKES THE MAN?

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CHAPTER I.

They say that first and only love  
Outlives all after dreams;  
But the memory of a first great grief  
To me more lasting seems.

“ You had better defer your sail, Harry.”

“ Why so, sir? The water is smooth, and the weather calm.”

“ It is calm here where we stand, I acknowledge, Harry; but do you not see the movement in those clouds that frown over the Palisades? There is every sign of a squall.”

“ Quite a mistake, my dear father. Those clouds have been there these three weeks; and though they look big and black at times, they seem to be very well disposed, peaceable clouds indeed. I am not afraid of them.”

“ Hark! Did I not hear thunder?”

“ You heard the rumbling of a carriage along the south road. There! the clouds are breaking away, and drifting down to the horizon. We shall not have rain.”

“Look at the barometer. See! it declares the weather cloudy and variable.”

“The barometer, sir, is a humbug. It is a catch-penny affair altogether—an old woman’s toy.”

“Upon my word, Mr. Harry, you are a very knowing young man. I am foolish enough, however, to take the barometer’s prediction with regard to the weather in preference to yours. Upon other subjects I will not doubt the superiority of your judgment. But you must not venture upon the river to-day. So make up your mind to be contented on shore. I am going to the city. Would you like to accompany me?”

“No, sir.”

“Very well. Take care of yourself. I shall be back before twilight.”

And so saying, Mr. Maverick stepped into his neat little wagon, took the reins from his attendant, and laying the lash gently upon his span of beautiful horses, was borne away at a brisk speed toward the great city.

As for Harry, he stood a moment, biting his lips with evident vexation, and then dashed his cap upon the ground. What a disappointment, what an affliction, what a barbarous and deplorable thing it was, that he could not take the sail he had anticipated!

To be sure, there were other resources of amusement within his reach. He might order out his pony, and take a ride. He might fish in the trout-pond, or pluck fruit in the garden. There was a library filled with the most costly and attractive books, that the European and American press had sent forth during the last fifty years; with portfolios of engravings, casts from the antique, cam-

ees, medals, and coins. Was he of a mechanical turn? There was a work-shop with a turning-machine, and all the tools which an amateur cabinet-maker could desire. The green-house was well worth studying if he had any botanical taste; and if he had a love for natural scenery, there was the observatory, from which a noble view of the Hudson, its Palisades and Highlands, and the steamboats and small vessels, which give animation to its surface, could be descried.

Few spots could be compared to Eagleswood in natural charms, and few could be more elegantly embellished by art. The mansion stood upon the slope of a broad and picturesque hill, and was at once elegant and commodious. Proudly did it lift its white front above the tufted elms, that seemed heaping clouds of verdure around it; and proudly did it look forth upon the lovely landscape, that spread its various beauties on every side. The voyagers on the Hudson would turn to it, and ask who was the owner of that fair domain. It was the place of Mr. Maverick. And who was Mr. Maverick?

Mr. Maverick was a Virginian by birth. He had removed to New York in early life; and, as a tobacco merchant, had accumulated a large property. Fortune smiled upon all his enterprises. He married a lady of fashion, purchased a house in town, and the splendid estate of Eagleswood on the Hudson, and maintained an establishment, which, though expensive, did not oblige him to overstep his income. The offspring of his marriage were two children; one, Henry, the hopeful lad whom I have introduced to the charitable consideration of my readers; the other, Emmeline, who was

now a blooming girl, some three years younger than her brother.

Mrs. Maverick was an affectionate mother, and a lady of rare sweetness of manners; but having been in her youth a successful belle, she had contracted some faults, which impaired her usefulness in the domestic sphere. She was too apt to attach value to mere appearances, and to be solicitous rather for the applause of the world than for the nobler and more enduring approbation of the conscience—a grievous mistake!

But we must not leave our friend Harry any longer, standing in no amiable mood, with his cap flung on the grass. Miserable and oppressed as he thinks himself to be, I suspect there are thousands of boys who would gladly change situations with him. Has he not everything around him to inspire content—an elegant home, affectionate parents, a lovely little sister, with horses, dogs, and servants? What would the boy have more? Ah! he has been forbidden to take a sail.

“What shall I do?” murmured Harry to himself, taking up his cap. “Here I promised Charley Brudenel that I would take him out in my new boat this afternoon; and he will think me a sneak if I disappoint him. The weather is fine enough. I can see no prospect of a shower. The sky is quite clear; and the river is covered all over with sunshine. Where is the danger? I think I will step over to Charley’s, and talk with him about it.”

As Harry passed along the piazza, his eye fell upon the barometer. The perverse instrument inflexibly adhered to its old story, “cloudy and variable.” Harry seized a stick, and seemed disposed to break the impertinent, tell-tale glass into

atoms ; but, recollecting that he would not be likely to change the intentions of the elements by so doing, he prudently refrained.

It was not far to Charley Brudenel's. Harry found him at work in the flower-garden, cutting flowers for his sister, who was arranging them in vases. On seeing his companion, Charley threw down his knife, and making a speaking-trumpet of his two fists, exclaimed : " Skipper, ahoy ! what cheer ? "

" All on board ! " replied Harry, wholly forgetful of his father's command.

" Ay, ay, sir, " answered Charley, who was immoderately fond of " playing sailor ; " and, as he had seen sailors do, he hitched up his trousers, fixed his hat upon the side of his head, and ran to meet the " skipper, " as he called him.

" Where are you going, Charles ? " cried Mary Brudenel ; but he merely waved his hat in reply, and was soon out of sight with his companion. They proceeded down a lane, shaded with forest-trees, and fragrant with sweet brier, and were soon at the river's side near the boat-house.

Charles Brudenel was the son of the clergyman of the village, in which Eagleswood was situated. A fair-haired, blue-eyed boy was Charles ; slight in his figure, but symmetrical and active. Being somewhat studious in his tastes, he had to be checked rather than stimulated in his application to books ; and his parents, fearing that his constitution was feeble, had encouraged him in all out-of-door sports and exercises. In these, Harry Maverick was his leader, and Charles proved no backward pupil. His adventurous spirit, his lively imagination, his sunny and affectionate temper

made him a great favorite at Eagleswood. In both his sports and his studies, Harry considered him an ally, without whom he could not be at ease. The consequence was, that Charles passed almost as much of his time with the Mavericks, as with his own family. And when, as frequently happened, his sister and Emmeline, Henry and himself, rambled forth to see the sun set from the surrounding hills—

“No dolphin ever was so gay,  
Upon the tropic sea.”

The boys pushed off in the gay little boat, which had recently come into Harry's possession. At first they contented themselves with rowing about near the shore, where the smooth surface of the water was green from the overhanging trees. But they soon grew more adventurous. The river flashed merrily in its middle course; and there was a brisk breeze with a fair sky.

“Let us up with her mast, and out with her canvass!” cried Charles. “Come! a wet sheet and a flowing sea! Huzza!”

“Agreed!” said Harry; and in a few moments the boat was scudding through the spray, like a frightened sea-bird.

“The Arrow for ever!” shouted Charles: “what a dashing little craft she is! How fast she leaves the water behind her! See! We have almost crossed the river. It is time to tack ship, skipper!”

“Ready about!” replied Harry; and the Arrow was soon back again near the point from which she had started.

“There is old Hotspur on the shore. We must



have him with us," said Harry, pointing to a fine Newfoundland dog, which had been presented to him by a sea captain in his father's service. "Here, Hotspur! Come here, old fellow."

Hotspur barked, and then ran away a short distance, as if he wholly disapproved of the enterprise.

"We can do without you, Mr. Hotspur," said Charles; and the boys prepared to cross the river once more.

The wind, during this trip, had increased a little; but the Arrow carried them gallantly through the foam. Again they turned her head homeward. But they now found that the breeze blew from a different quarter, and that it was necessary to beat across, or adopt a zigzag course, in order to reach the pier at Eagleswood. The sky was by no means so clear as it had been. It wore a sullen, lurid aspect in many places. In fact, the weather was, as the barometer had indicated, "cloudy and variable."

"Now, be ready to shift the sail at a moment's notice, Charley," cried Henry Maverick, who was at the helm.

"Ay, ay!" replied Charles, humming the lines of a nautical song—

"As she lay, on that day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O!"

Three times did the boys succeed in "tacking ship," as they expressed it. They were rapidly approaching the shore. They could plainly see Hotspur, who was running about, snuffing the air, and regarding the adventurers with an anxious eye, as the wind increased. Charles had got to the

last couplet of his song, and, with great glee, was singing—

“ Now we sail with the gale,  
From the Bay of Biscay, O ! ”

“ About for the last time ! ” cried Harry.

His companion attempted to loosen the sail so that the wind might take it on the other tack, but before he could effect his purpose, the breeze had veered and swollen to a gale, which smote the boat so forcibly as to capsize her in an instant. Harry was thrown by the shock some distance into the water ; but before Charles could disentangle himself from the ropes about the mast, the Arrow had filled and sunk, carrying him with her to the bottom.

Both the boys were good swimmers ; but skill no longer availed poor Charles. Although the wind was loud and the waves were high, Harry did not lose his self-possession until he learned that his companion had not risen to the surface. Then his agony amounted almost to insanity. He shrieked to the hurrying winds—made desperate efforts to dive—shouted madly for aid, and called upon his comrade’s name in heart-piercing tones. At length, exhausted by his efforts, wild with grief, and caring little for his own life, if his friend’s could not be restored, he too sank beneath the turbulent waters.

The accident had happened hardly an eighth of a mile from the shore ; and on witnessing his master’s struggles and hearing his cries, Hotspur had jumped eagerly into the water, and was now rapidly paddling his way toward the scene of the disaster. He seized the unconscious boy by the

collar, as the tide was hurrying him away, and, with much effort, swam with him to the shore. Not to leave his good offices incomplete, the sagacious brute then galloped away toward the house, until he met a black groom, named Mingo, whom Mr. Maverick had brought with him many years before from Virginia.

Mingo was moving along at the straggling gait peculiar to the Africans, to seek shelter from the storm, when Hotspur placed himself in his way, barking violently, and leaping up to his shoulders. "Down! down!" said Mingo; but the dog only barked the more. At length, finding that no attention was paid to him, Hotspur, as if aware of the negro's tender point, began biting his shins, while, by his barking, he said, as plainly as dog could say, "Follow me." Mingo could no longer resist such importunities. He followed the dog, until he found Master Harry lying senseless upon the sand. Shocked and terrified, he raised him in his arms and bore him home.

On returning to consciousness, the unfortunate boy found himself in his own little chamber, with a physician by his side, and his mother and sister sitting at the foot of the bed, gazing anxiously into his face. In a moment he vividly recalled the scene, through which he had passed; and, uttering a faint moan, he sank back again, senseless

For a month, but slender hopes were entertained of his recovery. A confirmed fever, accompanied by delirium, during which his mind was principally occupied with recollections of his lost playmate, had prostrated his system; and medical aid seemed to be of little avail. At length, however, reason once more dawned upon the chaos of his

thoughts. The first indication of this happy change was a prolonged fit of weeping, followed by a sound sleep.

How constantly, during all this time, had little Emmeline watched by her brother's bedside! and how fervently had she prayed every night for his restoration! And now, when the fever had at length been subdued, with what a tender solicitude did she glide on tip-toe about the room, and minister to every want, before it had betrayed itself in words! Dear Emmeline!



## CHAPTER II.

"This anguish will be wearied down, I know;  
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,  
As from the vilest thing of every day,  
He learns to wean himself; for the strong hours  
Conquer him."—SCHILLER.

"COME, Harry! The weather is delightful; and the doctor says I may lead you forth into the garden. The dahlias are all in bloom; and such heaps of grapes, green and purple, you never saw! There, take my arm. Here is your hat. What a funny, Quaker-like little hat it is! Why, you can walk almost as fast as I can."

Harry smiled faintly, as Emmeline rattled on with such exclamations as these. They entered the library. The sunshine was streaming through the catalpa-trees before the southern windows, and dancing with the mottled shadows upon the carpet. How warm and pleasant everything appeared! The familiar statues and busts seemed to welcome the restored invalid as he passed along; and the very books, with their gilt bindings, looked instinctively with cheerfulness.

Emmeline threw open the long windows, and led him forth upon the piazza. How joyfully were the trees waving in the sunlight! Old Hotspur seemed frantic with delight at seeing his young master again. He would fly round him, barking vehemently—then crouch upon the ground, and beat his tail about like a flail—and then rush toward

him as if he meant to devour him, but stop suddenly and look intently up in his face. Harry could not but be pleased. Emmeline led him to the summer-house, and ran and gathered for him the ripest grapes, singing—

“ Let us flit as bright as spring ;  
Let us naught but pleasure bring ;  
Let us teach the world to be  
Happy, blithe, and gay as we.”

Hotspur seemed to enter into the spirit of her endeavor, and for hours they amused Harry, till he began to think that there were things worth living for, though Charles had passed away. Still, in the midst of his new feelings of contentment, a tear would occasionally steal down his cheek ; but it was no longer the tear of pain and hopeless grief. Smiles would precede and follow it, as sunshine does the showers of April.

Our young friend now began rapidly to recover his health. It was the soft autumnal season, when our aboriginal forests are dyed with such varied and gorgeous hues ; and indescribably grateful to him was the “blest power of sunshine,” as it flooded the woods and the fields. We hardly appreciate the every-day blessings around us until we have been deprived of their enjoyment for a time by ill health ; and Harry, as he rode forth with Emmeline through the picturesque lanes of Eagleswood, or by the shady edge of the river, could not but thank the great Creator and Giver of all good things for his exceeding bounty. That heart must be corrupt indeed, in which the sentiment of praise and benediction to a First Great Cause is not an instinctive offering ; but it should not be a sen-

timent merely. It must be mingled with a vital principle, influencing our daily conduct, and purifying all our motives. Enthusiasm for what is good, without good works, can avail nothing. If we are sincere, we shall *do* that which we pretend to approve.

Harry's health was now so fully established, that his father advised him to return to his studies without delay. There was a young Englishman, named Wainbridge, in the neighborhood, from Oxford, an excellent scholar, who gave instruction to a limited number of pupils. Henry made one of them. His first impressions of his instructor were not favorable. There was a gravity about Mr. Wainbridge's manner, which seemed to repel affection; a settled melancholy, which presented few allurements to the young and light-hearted. But Harry soon saw, or fancied that he saw, a native sweetness of temper beneath this austerity; and then, Mr. Wainbridge, though in feeble health, was so patient and thorough in his efforts to instruct; so earnest was he in attempting to make up the deficient application of his pupils by his clear and impressive explanations, that Harry began by respecting, and ended by loving him. He now applied himself to study, less because his tasks were grateful, than because he was anxious to save his tutor trouble.

There is no friendship more honorable to both parties than that between an intelligent pupil and his instructor. Mr. Wainbridge could not fail to perceive and to reciprocate the attachment manifested toward him by Henry Maverick; and the Oxonian's habits of utter seclusion and solitude soon began to be broken in upon by occasional

visits to Eagleswood. A little incident in the history of Mr. Wainbridge, which had become known through a chambermaid in the house where he resided, who had impertinently pried into his papers, served to increase Harry's sympathy, and to account, in a degree, for the habitually dejected manner of the tutor. He had been privately married to a lady of high rank and great beauty in England. Her father, a nobleman, who was the personification of family pride, had been so much exasperated in consequence, as to refuse to see her, after what he chose to call her degradation. Wainbridge, however, had a little annuity, on which he was enabled to live ; and, for a year or two, he resided at a neat little cottage in the neighborhood of London, happy in his domestic relations, and busily engaged upon a mathematical work, from which he hoped to derive profit and fame. His wife was ardently attached to him ; and the only cloud upon their felicity was the sense of her father's implacable resentment.

One morning at breakfast, as his wife was pouring him out a cup of tea, and he was reading the Times newspaper, she was alarmed at seeing him start and turn pale, as if at the perusal of afflicting news. And afflicting it was to both of them ! The banker, in whose hands his whole property was vested, had failed the day before, and sailed for America. The blow was overwhelming. Nothing was saved from the wreck. Instant beggary stared poor Wainbridge in the face.

He attempted at once to find a purchaser for his mathematical work ; but the booksellers laughed at the idea of publishing what so few persons would understand and appreciate. At length, af-



ter indefatigable researches, he found that the most eligible employment which presented itself, was that of usher in a large day-school, where the remuneration was hardly sufficient for the support of a single person.

In the midst of his troubles and perplexities, the brother of his wife, Sir William Ormsby, a young nobleman of rather profligate habits, and, like his father, a slave to family pride, called upon Mrs. Wainbridge in her husband's absence. After upbraiding her for her "disgraceful match," and reminding her that she might have married Lord Fitzdash, who had the "most bang-up turnout in the three kingdoms," he informed her that the object of his visit was to say, that her too indulgent father, hearing of the "absolute pauperism of that fellow Wainbridge," had consented to offer her an asylum in his own house, *provided* she would not see her husband so long as she remained with the family.

Mrs. Wainbridge, like a true wife, firmly rejected this proposal; and the brother, making an inhuman remark about "leaving her to die in a gutter," quitted the house. The question now arose in her mind, would it not be better to conceal from her husband the fact of the visit and the proposition? Alas for the wife who takes the first step in concealment and deceit, be her intentions ever so generous! The moment that there is the slightest withdrawal of candor and confidence is a moment of peril to her own peace and that of her companion. Mrs. Wainbridge decided rightly in this case. She determined to tell her husband what had transpired; and she told him. He quickly decided as to his own course. Tenderly attached as he was

to his wife. he resolved, on finding that they were likely to be subjected to extreme privations, to induce her to accept the proffered aid of those, who were bound by every sacred tie to succor her from their abundance. He would place her with her father, and then seek his own fortune in America. And this he did, in spite of her remonstrances, and her urgent wish to accompany him. The uncertainties of a career in an untried country, forbade him to peril the peace of one so dear. He had now been in the United States three months, and had recently heard of the birth of a daughter ; although, by the tyrannical contrivance of his father-in-law, the letters written by his wife had all been withheld. His own letters to her were also, without doubt, intercepted. Such was Wainbridge's story.

Among his present pupils, was a youth named Hardworth, the son of a gentleman of reputed wealth, occupying, not far from Eagleswood, a country-seat, where the family resided during the summer and autumnal months. This family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hardworth, two daughters, and a son, Master Ravenstone Hardworth. They were proud, not only of their rich possessions, but of their ancestral connexions. Mr. Hardworth could boast his relationship to one of the royal colonial governors, and his wife was never weary of impressing upon her children the fact, that her great-grandfather was the *nephew* of an English nobleman, Sir Charles Ravenstone.

It has been said, that none are insensible to pride of birth, save those whose genealogy is obscure. But we will not think so poorly of human nature as to admit this. Illustrious birth should render

us careful not to tarnish a great name ; but the ambition of shining with reflected light, does not speak much for the credit of our own virtues and abilities. In this land of free institutions, there are few frailties more pitiful than that which leads a man to boast of his genealogy. He should rather feel mortification that he is not himself as great or as good as the forefather, from whose fame he would derive a claim to notice :

“Boast not the titles of your ancestors,  
Brave youths ! they're their possessions, none of yours.”

Arrogance of any kind is the offspring of vulgarity and ignorance. The Hardworths were, consequently, notwithstanding their wealth and ancestry, as far from being *truly* respectable as the most ill-bred family in the land. As for Master Ravenstone Hardworth, he seemed to regard himself as the personified essence of all the dignity and renown of his race ; and having been always heedlessly indulged (poor fellow !) by his unwise parents, he grew up an arbitrary, self-conceited young man, disliked by his dependants, and laughed at by his equals.

It happened that there was a poor blacksmith in the village, named Armstrong, who had a son, whom he had brought up to his own trade. But Ralph, for that was the lad's name, was not content with learning to shoe horses and to manufacture spikes. He was a good mechanic, and he wished to make himself a better, by the study of mathematics and its kindred sciences. His father, who had a large family, could not, however, afford him the means of education ; and poor Ralph had to be content with puzzling by himself over a few

ragged school-books, which he had bought at a stall in New York.

Mr. Wainbridge had stopped one morning at the blacksmith's shop to have his horse's shoes repaired, and Ralph had set about the work with his usual alacrity, when the young Oxonian happened to cast his eye upon a volume of Euclid, which peeped forth from a jacket hung upon a nail. His curiosity was at once aroused. He questioned Ralph about his studies; found that the boy had a decided taste for those sciences, to which he himself had devoted most of his attention; and, at length, became so interested in the self-taught geometrician, that he offered to instruct him gratuitously, if he would attend his school with the other pupils. Ralph was almost ready to cry with joy at the prospect of receiving the instruction he had so much desired; but then the sense of incurring an obligation which he could not requite, checked him as he was about to accept the generous offer, and he said:

"Ah, sir! I fear that my father, poor as he is, is too rich to accept charity. He will not allow me to trouble you without a compensation."

"Well, Ralph," said Mr. Wainbridge, "we will easily remove that objection. The doctor says, I must ride on horseback every day. Now it costs something to keep a horse, and something to have him shod. Why can't your father pay for your instruction, by allowing you to take care of my nag?"

"It will do! it will do!" cried Ralph. "Thank you, Mr. Wainbridge. I will make his skin look glossy as satin, and—let me see—wait while I trim

his fetlocks. A fine animal, Mr. Wainbridge, but not properly rubbed down !”

The arrangement was made. Ralph, attired in clean homespun clothes, attended Mr. Wainbridge's school daily, and made rapid progress in his studies. As you may guess, the skin of Mr. Wainbridge's nag looked all the while as smooth and sleek as a new beaver hat. Before many weeks, Ralph was considered, next to Henry Maverick, the best mathematician in the school, much to the disgust and envy of Mr. Ravenstone Hardworth.

One day the boys had been working sums in algebra with chalk upon a large blackboard, in view of the whole school. The tutor had, for half an hour, been trying to explain to Hardworth the mode of solving a certain problem ; but the blood of the Ravensstones could not lighten up with a single ray the obtuse intellect of their descendant. At length, having other pupils to attend to, Mr. Wainbridge directed Armstrong, who had a singular faculty at imparting the knowledge he had acquired by laborious study, to attend Hardworth to his desk, and assist him in the solution of his sum.

The paltry, aristocratic pride, which had been inculcated by Hardworth's parents, rose up in arms at this proposal ; and, with a haughty curl of the lip, and in a voice that was audible to all present, he said :

“ You will oblige me, Mr. Wainbridge, by not sending any of your hostlers to instruct me in algebra. I am not partial to the smell of a stable, and permit me to say, sir, that my mother thinks it very strange, you should admit a charity-scholar among gentlemen's sons.”

“ Shame ! shame !” cried Henry Maverick,

springing to his feet ; “ you, sir, have proved that the son of a gentleman is not always a gentleman himself.”

“ I shall remember this,” replied Hardworth, raising his finger menacingly.

Poor Ralph started forward a step with the intention of knocking down his insulter ; but his veneration for the proprieties of a school-room, and his respect for his instructor, checked both his fist and his tongue.

Mr. Wainbridge commanded silence, and then walked up to Hardworth and said :

“ I have borne with your stupidity, sir, with a degree of patience that I never extended to any other pupil ; but your insolence and brutality are insufferable. You may consider yourself no longer a member of my school.”

“ I should consider it a disgrace to attend it any longer, sir,” replied Hardworth with effrontery. “ I withdraw my patronage from you.”

“ Patronage, blockhead !” said Mr. Wainbridge, laying his hand upon the boy’s collar. “ But, no. Your insolence is unworthy of my anger. Go, sir, in peace.”

Hardworth seized his hat, and with a face flushed with rage, said, in a trembling tone, “ Send me an apology for this, or you will repent it.” He turned to leave the room, and some of the scholars began to hiss.

“ I have marked you !” he exclaimed, looking back ; “ and there are those of you who will pay dearly for this day’s conduct toward me.”

He opened the door, shut it with violence, and departed, while a scornful laugh arose from his late companions.

“ My young friends,” said Mr. Wainbridge, who lost no opportunity of impressing upon his pupils moral as well as intellectual truths, “ observe the difference between a noble and ignoble pride, as manifested in the example of Armstrong and of Hardworth. It is not true, as that foolish young man stated, that Ralph is a charity-scholar. Far otherwise ! He requites me by a service, for which I would have to pay more by the month than I charge any pupil for his instruction. I offered to instruct him gratuitously. He declined the offer ; and it was a noble spirit of independence—call it a noble pride, if you please—which induced him to compensate me by honorable labor for his schooling. But what a contemptible pride is that which Hardworth has displayed ! ‘ The pride of family ! of accidental circumstance ! of mere external glitter ! How altogether unworthy of a rational creature—how mean and false is such pretension ! ’ ”

As soon as school was dismissed, our friend Harry took Ralph by the hand, and invited him to make such use as he pleased of the library at Eagleswood—an invitation which was gratefully accepted.

Not many days after the occurrence in the school-room, as Henry Maverick was proceeding across a field to join Mr. Wainbridge, whom he had observed at a distance, he saw Ravenstone Hardworth issue from a wood, and, with a stick in his hand, confront his late tutor. Harry was too far off to hear the conversation that ensued, but it was evidently of an angry character. Mr. Wainbridge seemed to motion Ravenstone away, whereupon the latter struck him violently with a stick, and the two immediately grappled.

Wainbridge was enfeebled by indisposition, and far inferior in strength and weight to Ravenstone, who was of a robust, burly frame. The tutor would have mastered him, however, had not the foot of the former encountered a stump, by which he was tripped up—his head striking with some violence against the trunk of a tree, and rendering him senseless for a time.

Just at this juncture, Henry Maverick came up, and, as Hardworth was about to apply the stick to the prostrate tutor, exclaimed, " Coward ! turn ! "

An ordinary observer would have said that the boys were unequally matched in a struggle of mere brute power and force. Hardworth was the taller by nearly a head, and it was evident that in a close tussle he would have the advantage. Harry was rather slim, in consequence of his recent illness, and he had not completely recovered his strength. He had perfect confidence, however, in his superiority ; for he was extremely agile, and had learned from his fencing-master a variety of arts, by which skill is made to supply the place of brute force.

On seeing Hardworth approach with a stick, his first object was to disarm him, and this he easily effected by a sleight of hand so sudden, that Hardworth did not know he had been deprived of his weapon until he saw it flying into the arms of a neighboring tree. He now attempted to close with his antagonist, and, by lifting him in his arms, to throw him with violence to the ground. But Harry evaded his embrace, and struck him a blow which sent him backward some paces. Infuriated at being baffled by one so much his inferior in size, Hardworth pushed forward like a mad bull, and in



spite of some well-directed blows, attempted to clutch his opponent by the collar. Harry intentionally allowed him to effect this, but, in a moment, struck the fleshy part of his arm immediately under the shoulder in such a manner as nearly to dislocate the limb from its socket, compelling him to abandon his hold, and to scream with pain. Then quietly knocking him down into a furrow of soft earth, where he might lie at his ease, Harry flew to his friend Wainbridge, who had begun to recover from the effects of his fall. Bringing some water in a leaf from a spring, he rubbed his head, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him fully revived.

“Thank you, Harry; I am quite recovered,” said Mr. Wainbridge, rising and taking his young friend’s arm.

“Then permit me, sir, just to inflict a little more chastisement upon that brutal fellow, Hardworth. See, he is limping away; and now he turns, and shakes his fist. Let me give him one more lesson.”

“No, Harry. His own reflections will be punishment enough. I am truly sorry that you have been involved, on my account, in a contest of brute force. Never, except for the immediate protection of yourself or another, would I have you lift your arm against a fellow-creature. I do not well see how you could have avoided it in this case. But any further chastisement from you would be at the instigation of revenge. Let us guard against that hateful passion. How miserable it has made, and will continue to make poor Hardworth!”

“And do you forgive him for his outrageous attack?”

“Most readily. I know too well the force of unbridled passion. I am myself too apt to give way to it, but never without an after-feeling of degradation.”

“But would you not have me resent an insult as well as an injury?”

“I would have you resent neither, except so far as the instinct of self-preservation would lead you. If you go beyond that, impelled by the unworthy passion of hatred or of revenge, you do wrong. It would be difficult to insult a man of a perfectly pure character. The attempt would be apt to recoil of itself upon the aggressor. I suspect you think I am too pacific, if not too timid, in my notions.”

“Timid! Oh, no, sir, no! You must not suppose I have not heard how you risked your life the other day in saving the blind idiot girl, Edith, from the attack of a mad dog. There was no timidity shown there.”

“Well, supposing, for the sake of the argument, that I did, with the view of rescuing a fellow-creature, expose myself to the imminent danger of contracting that most fatal and revolting of all maladies, hydrophobia;—the next day, I meet a man in Wall-street, who calls me a coward. Am I insulted, either in my own estimation or that of those who know me, by an accusation which my acts prove to be false?”

“Not at all. You can afford to pass it by; but a young man, whose character for decision and courage is not established—who hardly knows himself whether he would act like a brave man or a

coward in an emergency—such a one, I think, should knock down his accuser.”

“Ah, Harry, if you question your own heart, you will find that there is often more courage in endurance than in action. But, even in action, learn to distinguish true courage from mere constitutional obtuseness :

‘The brave man is not he who feels no fear,  
For that were stupid and irrational;  
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,  
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.’

“Let us hope, my dear Harry, that the time is coming when mind will assert its true empire; when the law of physical force shall no longer influence nations or individuals; and when that admiration with which military exploits and military glory are even in this age regarded, will be recalled as one of the frivolities of the infancy of mankind. What a difference between the age of chivalry and our own! May not our posterity, some three hundred years hence, look back with a smile upon much that we regard with gravity and reverence?”

The sun was sinking brilliantly, when Harry bade his instructor good evening, and took his way up one of the long gravelled walks that led to his home. The mansion, painted of a pure white, was delicately tinted in front with the crimson light from the west. The trees bowed their tops lightly to the soft airs of twilight. Up and down the river, a number of small vessels, with their sails all spread, were lazily gliding. Emmeline came forth to meet her brother, with laughter and singing; and Harry, as he twined his fingers

through her thick brown curls, and gazed with her upon the calm, harmonious landscape, forgot that the face of nature and the heart of man had ever been disfigured by storms, or that the earth had ever been stained by war and carnage.



## CHAPTER III.

“ Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm !”—GRAY.

THE time was now rapidly approaching, when Henry Maverick was to leave his home for the university. In accordance with Mr. Wainbridge's advice, he concluded to go to Cambridge; and he pursued the studies requisite for his admission, with industry and zeal. At length the period for examination arrived. In company with some fifty young men of various ages, he entered the recitation-rooms of Harvard—was examined in mathematics and the classics, and admitted unconditionally a member of the freshman class.

It is no unimportant epoch in a boy's life, when he enters college, and assumes, for the first time, the *toga virilis*—the black dress-coat of the student. Harry was not yet quite a philosopher; and, during the brief vacation between the period of his admission to the university, and the commencement of his studies, he returned to New York, put up at a fashionable hotel, and ordered two or three fashionable suits of clothes. Having attired himself in one, which he conceived to be the “tightest fit,” and examined it an hour or two in the glass, he issued forth into Broadway, and made one of the elegant loungers in that crowded thoroughfare. Ah! Harry, Harry! I am afraid you will become a little dandy.

The next day he drove up to Eagleswood with his father. As he jumped out of the carriage, Mrs. Maverick received him with tears of happiness; Emmeline pressed forward to obtain a kiss; old Mingo stood by, rolling up the whites of his eyes, and showing his teeth in a grin; and Hotspur barked and scampered round as if he wished to have it appear that he was more rejoiced than any of them to see his young master. They all welcomed him, and were welcomed in return.

"Why, Emmeline, you have actually grown in the three weeks I have been away," said Harry, parting the hair from her forehead with both his hands, and impressing a kiss upon its alabaster surface.

"Oh, Massa Harry, I tell you what," said old Mingo, who seemed supremely happy; "Missy Emmeline grows jist like the corn in ole Vaginy—so fast, you can hear it. Whorrah! Yah, yah, yah!"

"Stop that, Mingo, if you don't want this whip over your shoulders."

"Yah, yah, yah! 'Cause Massa Harry's got on his long-tail blue, he feel big as a snake swallowing a coon. Yah, yah!"

Harry made a feint of hitting the privileged old negro, whereupon Mingo dodged, and bursting into renewed peals of laughter, strolled away to the stable to attend to the horses, shaking his head, and hitching up his shoulders, with the persuasion that he had perpetrated the best possible joke.

As for Emmeline, it seemed as if her delight were never to cease. She walked around her brother with mock gravity, examining his college dress, and clapping her hands at his manly ap-

pearance ; and then, leading him into the parlor, she danced about him, singing her favorite old song—

“ We will flit as bright as spring ;  
We will naught but pleasure bring ;  
We will teach the world to be  
Happy, blithe, and gay as we.”

The few weeks which Harry passed at Eagleswood, preparatory to removing to Cambridge, were among the happiest he had yet known. His birthday was near at hand, and Mrs. Maverick was making arrangements to celebrate it by a grand fête. A gay party of ladies and gentlemen from the city, with many young people, were invited. A tent, adorned with flags and streamers, was erected upon a smooth lawn, to which a noble grove of chestnuts formed a back-ground. A band of musicians were engaged. Mr. Edge furnished a supply of fire-works ; while viands of the most delicate kind were procured from Delmonico's.

At length the important day arrived. Long before sunrise, Emmeline had risen, put on her morning dress, and run out upon the piazza, to discover whether there were signs of fair weather. With what anxiety did she watch the light purple clouds, as they flitted across the gray sky of morning ! Did those walls of vapor along the eastern sky betoken rain ? No. They begin to be tinged with crimson. The sun, the glorious sun is behind them ! And now they break away, and disperse before his golden arrows. It will be a beautiful day ! Huzza ! Run, Emmeline, and knock at Harry's door ! Louder ! How soundly he sleeps ! Bang, bang, bang ! There ! He has

heard you at last ; and rising, throws open his window.

Old Mingo has risen also. What a great man he believes himself to be to-day ! I will tell you a little story about Mingo. During the last war between the United States and Great Britain, when he lived with Mr. Maverick in Virginia, he was in constant alarm lest the enemy should invade that part of the country. He came to his master one day, with an air of mysterious importance, and proposed, that a company of "the colored gem'-men" of the plantation should be raised, and placed under his command, to be drilled for service. Mr. Maverick, though disposed to laugh heartily at the idea, preserved his gravity, and pretended to be much pleased with the valorous proposition. He remembered that there was in the garret a suit of uniform, with a cocked hat, and a big rusty sword and trappings, which had belonged to a British officer during the revolution. These he ordered to be brought down, and, drawing the sword, which almost stuck to the scabbard with rust, he directed Mingo to kneel in the presence of several of his companions ; then hitting him a pretty smart blow upon the back with the flat of the blade, Mr. Maverick ordered him to rise up "General Mingo."

Never did belted knight rise with more exultation and pride from his monarch's ennobling touch, than Mingo did from his master's somewhat vigorous application of the sword. He looked round with a fierce air upon the admiring slaves who accompanied him, and then, receiving the sword, the cocked hat, and uniform from his master, placed his hand gallantly upon his heart, and



bowed and withdrew with his awe-stricken train. From that day forward, General Mingo believed himself to be a very great man; and, in this world, you will find that often the first step to being thought great by others, is to persuade ourselves of the fact. While the war lasted, he flourished among the blacks of the plantation as the most tremendous warrior of the day; and always afterward, on the fourth of July and other anniversary occasions, the "General" would put on his regimental dress, and strut about in places where he was most likely to attract attention. There was one little inconsistency, which a critical eye might have noticed. Although professing to be a great patriot, Mingo wore the uniform of the enemy. But of this circumstance he had never been made aware.

Upon the joyful occasion, which was now to be signalized at Eagleswood, Mingo—I beg pardon—*General* Mingo, had rubbed up his old sword, and brushed his faded uniform and his cocked hat, with unusual care. With the assistance of two or three of his colored co-patriots, he then arrayed himself in his martial dress, put his belt, with the sword attached, round his waist, and, thus accoutred, walked forth to play his part in the proceedings of the day, followed by Hotspur, barking louder than ever, and some half dozen vagrant boys, who made themselves hoarse with huzzaing. Occasionally, the sword would swing between the general's legs, nearly upsetting him, and materially disturbing his military dignity; and, now and then, it would strike his shins in a manner to make him grimace with pain; but these

were trifling inconveniences, more than repaid by the glory which he reaped.

Early in the forenoon, one of the numerous steamboats, that ply between the adjacent towns and the island of Manhattan, stopped at the pier at Eagleswood and landed the expected company, including the band of musicians. General Mingo received them in ceremonious state, at the landing-place, and the band followed him up to the lawn before the house, playing "Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances." Mr. and Mrs. Maverick and their children stood upon the marble esplanade that surrounded the house, and extended to their visitors a cordial welcome.

How prettily Emmeline looked in her neat fancy dress of white trimmed with blue, and her laced boddice, after the style of the Swiss peasants! The hue of health was upon her cheek. Her eyes sparkled with animation and pleasure; and, as she extended her hands or courtesied to the guests as they arrived, her ingenuous smile and happy looks told, better than words, that her welcome was sincere.

The company was selected principally from the fashionable city acquaintances of Mrs. Maverick. There were the Van Rapps, with their gay daughter and foppish son; Mr. Splash, a young man whose ambition lay in having the fastest trotting-horse that was to be seen on the third avenue; Mrs. Sumpter, a lady of wealth, with her pretty daughter, Marian; Mr. Buzz, with a live English baronet, Sir William Ormsby, of whom my readers have already heard something; Augustus Ermine, a lad of large expectations; Mr. Brown, a retired lawyer of eccentric manners; and Mrs.

Danton, with her two daughters, Lucy and Harriet. In addition to all these, there were Mr. Wainbridge, and a number of Harry's old school-mates. Ralph Armstrong had been asked to be present, but fearing that he should not feel at home among the rich and fashionable, he had declined the invitation, promising, however, that he would come round in the evening to witness the fireworks. Mr. Brudenel, with his pale, dark-haired daughter, had joined the party. On seeing Mary, Henry Maverick could not but feel a momentary pang as he thought, "How Charley would have enjoyed this;" and as he took her hand and welcomed her to Eagleswood, the eyes of each dropped a transitory tear, as if the thought had simultaneously occurred to their minds.

The gay, brilliant music of the band, which was playing a variety of favorite marches and quadrilles in the centre of the garden, between two fountains that sent their sparkling waters high into the air in fantastic columns—the laughing and chatting of the various guests, as they promenaded to the tunes—the bright, sunny prospect, and the mellow warmth of the atmosphere, formed a combination of influences, by no means favorable to the indulgence of melancholy; and Harry soon launched into the amusements of the day with his constitutional vivacity. Every one seemed to have a pleasant compliment or a good wish for his ear; nay, I fear that there was some flattery, to which my hero was not wholly insensible, mingled with the praise. For instance, why did Mrs. Sumpter, as she introduced Miss Marian, intimate that she should be perfectly happy if she had such a son?

"Would not a son-in-law answer your pur-

pose?" inquired Harry, gallantly offering his arm to the young lady.

Marian blushed; and Mrs. Sumpter, apparently delighted at the idea, struck him under the chin with her fan, calling him a "forward, naughty boy."

Harry showed the young lady the finest parts of the garden, gathered her a bouquet, and then committed her to the care of Mr. Wainbridge, while he went to attend to other guests.

As he was proceeding toward Mrs. Danton, he was stopped by Master Ermine, who mysteriously inquired "where the punch was?" Harry professed his ignorance, whereupon Master Ermine proposed that they should "cut the old people and the girls, and go to the stable and smoke cigars." This proposal was declined; and the hopeful young roué then intimated that it would give him great satisfaction, and afford great sport, "to *sell* that priggish old fellow, Brown."

To this Harry replied, that if by "selling," was meant playing off any trick upon his venerable guest, he could not think, for a moment, of suffering any such breach of hospitality to be committed.

"What a spiritless fellow!" muttered Master Ermine, walking away to where General Mingo was entertaining a select audience by a recital of his exploits during the last war.

As Harry moved off in a different direction, he encountered Mr. Brown, who rather gruffly remarked: "Well, Master Harry, all this is very nice."

"I hope it pleases you, sir," replied Harry.

"Humph! I suppose all these people are trying

to persuade you that you are a mighty clever young fellow."

"Why, indeed, sir, it is natural that they should try to say pleasant things to me on my birthday."

"All humbug, Harry. It isn't you, but Eagleswood, and this nice estate, that they have in their eye. If you were a black dwarf, instead of a tolerably decent looking young fellow, it would be just the same. Bah!"

"Ah, sir, you are too cynical. But see! A lady is beckoning to me; and I need not apologize for leaving you for a while."

"Poor young man, to be born to such a fortune!" muttered Mr. Brown, as Harry passed on. "He might have a chance of developing himself, were he only obliged to carve his own way in the world."

Among the guests were Sir William Ormsby, and his poor brother-in-law, Wainbridge. The baronet had started, and bit his lips, on recognising the latter, who, though burning with anxiety to hear from his wife, did not seek to accost her brother, on observing his repulsive glance and haughty demeanor. Mr. Maverick, who was not aware of the relationship, noticed Sir William's agitation, and inquired if he knew Wainbridge. The baronet coolly raised his eye-glass, and declared that he neither knew him nor wished to know him.

There was no other occurrence to mar the harmony of any of the visitors. A sumptuous collation was spread in the tent, to which the company sat down, while the band played without. Harry's health was drunk—in lemonade, by the young people, and in champagne by the old. Master

Ermine chose to consider himself among the latter ; and the consequence was, that, before dinner was over, Harry had to consign him to the care of General Mingo, who conducted him safely to a bedroom, where he slept off the effects of his indiscreet indulgence.

On quitting the table, the company separated into groups to seek amusements to their taste. Some went to the nine-pin alley to bowl, and some to the archery-ground to shoot at a target. Mr. Splash strolled toward the stable, to see the horses and smoke a cigar, accompanied by the baronet and Master Van Rapp. Mr. Brown went to turn over the books in the library ; and Mary Brudenel and Emmeline amused themselves by strolling from group to group to see the employments of all.

Mr. Wainbridge put Harry's arm within his own, and proposed a walk. Both moved on in silence for a few minutes. Mr. Wainbridge was the first to speak :

“ Well, Harry, you are to leave us in the morning for Cambridge ?”

“ Yes, sir ; and I need not say how much I shall regret the loss of your counsel and your company.”

“ I probably have the more reason to regret our separation. I would say much to you, Harry, for your guidance ; but I fear you are one of those who are destined to derive all their important lessons in human life from experience.”

“ Why so, sir ?”

“ Because you are apt to act rather from impulse than from principle ; and impulses vary, but principles are unchangeable. I will tell you the

most difficult lesson you have to acquire—it is to learn to say *no*.”

“A lesson very quickly learned, I should think, sir.”

“And yet one in which I fear you will too often fail. You are of too malleable a temper, Harry, and too easily take impressions from those around you. If you go astray, it will be in following the example of others rather than your own tastes.”

“I will try to profit, sir, by your exposure of my failing.”

“Never, my dear Harry, indulge in profligate pleasures upon the miserable plea of studying life, and seeing the world. Such excuses will suggest themselves as a palliation for the vilest excesses ; but, O ! remember what the wise man says : ‘ *The knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom, neither at any time the counsel of sinners prudence.*’ The time may come when you will wish to unlearn such knowledge—when you would give all your worldly possessions to attain the state of innocent ignorance in which you once lived.”

“I am not ambitious, sir, to shine in those walks in which Splash and Ermine are precociously distinguished.”

“Study not only the classics and the sciences, but the moral and physical laws of your nature. I fear that too little attention is paid to these in our systems of education. But bear in mind that you are under a responsibility to your Maker, both for the care of your soul and your body. Inattention to health—a heedless violation of the physical laws of our nature, is an offence, of which no conscientious man should be guilty. It is followed

by pain, as vice is by misery, and both are culpable in their several degrees."

"I think that I understand you, sir. But how many worthy, pious people would stare at your doctrine!"

"They must do so then from want of reflection. God would never have given us the faculties for discovering the laws of our nature, if he did not mean that those laws should be religiously obeyed."

"I admit the principle."

"Let me give you one more hint. Methodize the disposition of your time. It is astonishing how much one may accomplish by method. Have your stated hours for study, for reading, for exercise, and for social intercourse; and suffer no unimportant inducement to cause you to break in upon your system."

"I am aware of the advantages of such a course."

"Well, I have volumes to say to you; but let me condense them all in this: accustom yourself to the ever-constant conviction, that you are an immortal being, placed for wise, though unseen purposes, in a state of discipline and probation. Never forget, for an instant, that not only your actions in this world, but your most secret thoughts and impulses, are ever open to the all-comprehending eye of God. Let these great truths become intertwined with every moment's consciousness. Lift up your soul in prayer to the throne of grace for strength and purification; and then, my dear Harry, you will prepare yourself to escape a thousand snares, that waylay the path of the young and unthinking."



"I fear that I have not thought of these things enough," said Harry, contemplatively.

"Do not adopt the false notion that a settled and active religious faith is inconsistent with cheerfulness, and the blameless pleasures of life. On the contrary, true religion not only alleviates our sorrows, but heightens our joys."

"I hope I may attain it."

"But I did not mean to choose this occasion, Harry, for lecturing you. Come; you must attend to your guests. It will soon be dark enough for the fireworks."

They moved toward the house. A number of ladies had assembled in the drawing-room to hear Emmeline sing. What a clear, happy, melodious voice was hers! It came from a pure and grateful heart; and, like the gushing notes of the wild bird, made the hearer instinctively look up to heaven. After she had concluded one song, there was a general demand for another. "Well," said the maiden, "I will sing you a little song, that Harry wrote for me last summer. He called it 'The Gay Deceiver.'"—She sang; and so much pleased was I with the graceful playfulness which she imparted to the piece, that I obtained a copy. Here it is:—

#### THE GAY DECEIVER.

##### I.

Summer wind! Summer wind!

Where hast thou been?

Chasing the gossamer

Over the green?

Rifling the cowslip's wealth

Down in the dale?

Light-pinioned pilferer!

Tell me thy tale.

## II.

"I am a rover gay,  
 Dashing and free!  
 Now on the land astray,  
 Now on the sea.  
 I quaff the honey breath  
 Of the young rose;  
 I kiss the violet,  
 Where the brook flows."

## III.

Out on thee, libertine!  
 Fickle! untrue!  
 Leaving the violet,  
 Whom wilt thou woo?  
 Canst thou delighted be  
 With hearts undone?  
 Canst thou be faithful, sir,  
 Never to one?

## IV.

"Ah! hear me, maiden dear,  
 Turn not away!  
 I have a truant been  
 Until to-day.  
 But now I find a home,  
 Where I will rest;  
 Captive, I sink at length,  
 Here on thy breast."

The fireworks were let off without any accident to mar the exhibition. The rockets rose and fell in fountains of sparks down the sky. The stars, and wheels, and Roman candles glittered and vanished like all human delights. At nine o'clock the steamboat touched again at the wharf; the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne;" and those of the guests, who did not choose to remain all night at Eagleswood, went on board.

It had been a happy occasion for both Har-

ry and Emmeline. Never, thought they, were there kinder friends than those who had that day been their guests. Harry mentally excepted Mr. Brown from the list. "An envious old fellow that!" thought he; "for while I was trying to be civil to him, he told me that I was in the high road to ruin; and said, it was a great pity that I wasn't obliged to live upon sixpence a day and earn it." Harry fell asleep, and dreamed of seeing Mr. Brown in a big wig, passing sentence upon him for some inexplicable crime.

The next day, Harry took leave of his mother and sister, and accompanied his father to the city, where he embarked for Providence. Poor Emmeline! how very lonely she felt! She went to the garden—then to the library—then to the river's side, accompanied by Hotspur—but all would not do. And finally, she went to her chamber, and had a good, hearty spell of crying. Silly little Emmeline!



## CHAPTER IV.

“Dear above every boasted attainment acquired to compel applause from the world, are those dispositions, which cheer the hour when no stranger is present to admire, and shed that sweet influence that links the heart to home.”

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

THE little village of Capeville in Massachusetts is well known to many, who, during the hot summer months, visit the celebrated promontory of Nahant, where a fresh breeze from the ocean may almost at all times be enjoyed. It is to a small cottage in Capeville, that I have now to take my readers.

The cottage stands in a retired lane that branches from the main road, and is bordered by venerable elms, which indicate that the avenue once led to a mansion of some importance. The building is one story high, plainly constructed, with a simple portico in front, with trellis-work for the honeysuckle to clamber up. A small yard enclosed by a fence intercepts the dust of the road, although, as the latter is not a thoroughfare, there is little occasion for such protection. A hill of gentle ascent rises just behind the house, as if to shield it from the bleak airs of the sea. If you climb this hill, and pass through a grove of stunted pine-trees over a sandy and barren soil, you come suddenly upon the brow of another acclivity, from which you behold the broad Atlantic breaking, flashing, and foaming upon a smooth, level beach not more than a mile distant.

This seaside retreat had been chosen and embellished by a young and enterprising mariner named Clare, who sailed from the neighboring ports of Salem and Boston. Having been successful in his adventurous career, he had married the girl of his heart, and built the cottage which we have pointed out; and there he passed nearly all the time that was allotted to him on shore. Years flew by, and new ties were created to bind him to his home. Children were born to him; first a boy, to whom he gave his own name of Edwin; then a girl, who was called after her mother, Ellen; and lastly, another boy, Theodore.

With what delight would Captain Clare look forward to rejoining these loved ones at Capeville, as, during the long night-watches at sea, he paced his silent deck! On his return from every voyage, the children would climb his knees, and anxiously ask "if this was not to be the last? if he would not stay at home with them now all the time?"

Vicissitudes, however, would occur, deterring him from abandoning his career, and persuading him to try "one voyage more," to retrieve the losses of the last. He was on his way from Canton with a rich cargo, the safe delivery of which would have secured him an independent fortune, when his vessel was wrecked, during a severe gale, upon the Jersey coast, and all hands on board perished. The news of the disaster was received at Capeville in the depth of one of the most inclement winters ever experienced upon our coast. Poor Mrs. Clare was almost prostrated by the unexpected blow; and the children, who had, for the last year, been daily prattling about "Pa's return,"

and preparing a series of pleasant surprises for his amusement, experienced, for the first time, the bitterness of bereavement.

But Mrs. Clare was not a person to repine unreasonably at the ordinations of the divine will. She was a Christian ; not merely a speculative, but a practical one. Her faith was an active principle, coloring every thought, and rectifying every impulse. She devoted herself, with renewed assiduity, to the task of rearing her children ; and grateful to her in after years were the fruits of her intelligent labors.

The personal property left by her husband was invested ; and an humble annuity was derived from it, sufficient to maintain her family in comfort, without the necessity of extraordinary efforts. Edwin had been sent to an excellent school ; and, at the time of our visit to the cottage, he was consulting with his mother and Ellen upon the adequacy of their means to enable him to go to college.

"I am sure, mother," said Ellen, "that we can get along very well through the year with that sum, and not touch our principal."

"But I had intended, my dear, that you should receive instruction in music from Mrs. Leroy during the winter."

"Oh, I can content myself with studying over my old pieces. Besides—"

"No, Ellen," interrupted Edwin, "I will not consent to receive any advantages of education at your expense."

"But I am vain enough to think that it will not be the worse for me to wait a year or two, Master Edwin. I can study out many things by myself, now that I am versed in the rudiments. Come,

mother, I shall insist upon sending my piano to the auction store, rather than that Edwin shall not go to college."

"And you are willing to forego the purchase of the new gown and cloak, and the quarter's schooling at Mr. Bailey's?"

"Nay, do not mention those things, mother: I can do well without them; but Edwin has gone so far, that it is a pity he should not go farther."

"That is very bad logic, sister mine. Anxious as I may be to obtain the advantages of a collegiate course of instruction, I should doubtless be able to push my way through the world quite as well—probably better—without it. There is a very good chance for me now to obtain a place in Stanwood & Staple's store in Boston. There are things to be learned in mercantile life, and opportunities for learning them, which a college cannot present."

"But, Edwin and mother, do you not remember how often *he* used to talk, as he held us children on his knees, of the figure which he expected Edwin would make one day at Cambridge?" And as Ellen put this inquiry in a faltering tone, she glanced at a fine portrait of her father, which hung over the mantel-piece, and which had been painted some ten years before by an eminent artist in Amsterdam.

Mrs. Clare could not readily reply to this appeal; but a glistening moisture in her eyes told that it had not been without avail. "My dear Ellen," she at last said, "I was prepared for this display of generosity on your part; and I have never otherwise intended than to strain every nerve for the accomplishment of your father's favorite anticipation in regard to Edwin. We will hus-

band our scanty means with our best ability, to secure the success of our experiment; and, with trust in Heaven, we will undertake it. There, Edwin! The court has decided. The verdict is against you. It is, that you be sent from this place to—college.”

Edwin seemed to find something very attractive all at once in the road; for he looked steadfastly out of the window in a manner to keep his face concealed. At length he turned round, with a bold, frank smile upon his open countenance, and said, “Why should I try to conceal these truant tears? I am not ashamed of them, for they spring from gratitude and joy. Dear mother! dear sister! I will not contend against your generosity, for I know you will make me yield to it in the end. But, mark this; promise me that you will never, for the mere purpose of discharging my college debts, deprive yourselves in any degree of any one of those comforts that are essential to health. I will not consent to go, till I am fully satisfied upon this point.”

After some affectionate disputes, Mrs. Clare succeeded in convincing Edwin of the feasibility of supporting him at Cambridge without any diminution of their household comforts. The next day Edwin started off in the stage-coach, to undergo the customary examination for admission to college; and, as may be inferred from his character, he was successful.

Manifold were the preparations now at the cottage for fitting him out for his winter's sojourn at the university. The making up of the dress-coat could be intrusted only to Mr. Knapp, the village tailor; but the pantaloons, the vests, the cotton and



linen under-clothes were all in Ellen's line, and her little hand plied the needle with an alacrity that few veterans in the seamstress's art could have displayed. Soon was everything ready for Edwin's departure. With what care and nicety were all his clothes packed by Ellen! And how much more did the trunk hold than he expected, owing to her economical use of the room! Never did stevedore measure with nicer care the hold of a vessel, to learn how large a cargo it would contain, than she did the capacity of that trunk.

Many were the promises that Edwin had to give to write, and to come home at least twice a month, before he was suffered to enter the stage-coach. Mrs. Clare, Ellen, and Theodore, all stood at the door; and as the good-natured driver "touched up his leader," they waved a good-by with their hands, and stood gazing after the vehicle, till, bouncing up and down, it was whirled out of sight. Two hours afterward, Edwin had alighted at his apartments in one of the oldest of the college buildings—unpacked his trunk—arranged his books upon his table—and sat down to study.

If we had looked in once more upon Ellen, during the same day, we should have found her varying her labors by instructing her younger brother in French. Theodore was a quick, apt boy; but he had a singular propensity for moulding bits of bread or wax into figures of men or horses. These he executed with so much fidelity and skill, as to engage Ellen's attention, who exclaimed one day, on seeing him mould a miniature Napoleon out of the wax from her work-box: "Why, Theodore, I really believe you were born for a sculptor." Thenceforth, she endeavored to train his taste by

judicious criticisms, and to incite him to an appropriate course of reading and study. She also suggested that he should attempt modelling in clay, and he produced some very clever specimens of his talent in that art.

Indeed, what with attending to Edwin's clothes, and to Theodore's instruction ; conducting the household arrangements, and interesting herself in those village charities, where her counsel and assistance could be of avail ; practising with the church choir, and aiding in the superintendence of a Sunday-school, you would suppose that Ellen had precious little time to devote to those accomplishments, in which young ladies are generally anxious to excel. Do not suppose, however, that she neglected them utterly. There were other things which claimed her attention first, as of paramount importance. But still, notwithstanding her numerous employments, she found time for the indulgence of a taste for elegant literature, for music, and the fine arts. So true it is, that the more we do, the more we *can* do ; and the more busy we are, the more leisure we have. There is no class of persons more pressed for time in accomplishing comparatively trifling objects than your habitual idlers.

"How can you find time for such things ?" asked Miss Celestina Johnson of our friend Ellen, on seeing her engaged in knotting a bead purse for a *fair*, that the ladies were getting up for the benefit of the village Lyceum.

"I will tell you," said Ellen. "You see how that quilt is made up of rags, which many people would have thrown away as utterly useless ? Sewed together, they make quite an imposing ap-

pearance. Just so I manage with my odds and ends, and shreds and patches of time. How many little intervals do we waste, which seem nothing in themselves, but which, if patched together, form an imposing aggregate!"

"What a very odd person!" thought Miss Celestina.

Ah, Ellen! there is more wisdom than you ever imagined in your remark. It contains the secret of all great achievements. We that complain so much of the shortness of life, scatter its golden moments as the spendthrift does his copper coin. If we will reckon up those "odds and ends of time," which we are apt to regard as so unimportant and unavailable, we shall find that they form a frightful proportion of our little span of existence.

Pliny says: If you compute the time spent in sleep, you will find that a man actually lives only half his space. The other half passes in a state resembling death. You do not take into the account the years of infancy, which are destitute of reason; nor the many diseases and the many cares of old age, those penalties of longevity. The senses grow dull, the limbs are racked, the sight, the hearing, the power of walking, the teeth also, die before us. And yet all this time is reckoned in the period of a life!

"Was Ellen Clare pretty?" asks a blue-eyed maiden behind my chair, who, with my permission, has been reading my manuscript.

"Yes, Mary dear; the good are always pretty. Goodness of heart and purity of soul must stamp their impress upon the outward expression, however homely may be the features. But Ellen was rich also, like you, in that inferior loveliness,

which the limner delights to imitate. Her figure was naturally slender ; but habits of exercise in the open air, and a rigid obedience to the laws of health, had developed it to those proportions in which beauty is circumscribed ; and there was that ease and elasticity in her gait, of which grace, the rustic charmer, is born. Her plentiful dark hair was plainly parted in front in undulating lines, and fastened behind with a comb. Her face would remind you of the majestic simplicity of those features which the Grecian sculptors have traced, where all is in harmonious repose ; but Ellen's dark eyes were the very throne of expression. They mirrored every feeling that flitted through her heart ; and she had no cause to blush at the betrayal, for there was an earnestness, a frankness in her temper, which did not covet disguise. When she smiled, the least possible portion of a sound, white set of teeth was displayed ; and her little hands, notwithstanding the deal of work they accomplished, were as fair and taper as a queen's."

"Why, what a very perfect person you are making her out !"

"Do you know how she unconsciously aided nature in investing her person with these perishable but not undesirable attributes ? I will tell you. She rose early, and freely laved every part of her skin with cold water, to fortify her frame against the trying changes of the rigorous climate of New England. In this way she escaped those maladies which fritter away the charms of so many ; and then she could expose herself with impunity to the fresh air, and take proper exercise at all seasons. The consequence was, that while

other young ladies of the village were fretting over their influenzas and sore throats, and shivering around the hearth, Ellen could walk out on the ice to see the great snow statue that Theodore had been erecting; and, if he attempted any of his fun by throwing the snow in her face, she could pay him back with interest in the same cold coin, until her whole frame glowed with a healthful warmth."

"It strikes me that Miss Ellen must have been something of a romp."

"There, Mary; you have talked enough. Light the candles; give me a fresh pen, and let me begin my next chapter."



## CHAPTER V.

“Seest thou my home? ’Tis where yon woods are waving,  
In their green richness to the summer air;  
Where yon blue streams, a thousand flower-banks laving,  
Lead down the hill a vein of light—’tis there!”

MRS. HEMANS.

MR. Wainbridge’s prediction in regard to Harry Maverick was correct. He could not learn to say *no*. He had not acquired that moral firmness of character, which presents a bulwark to the allurements of frivolity and dissipation. That fatal monosyllable “*yes*” was too often upon his lips, when pleasure and society were the seducers.

His ambition was also a little too much mingled with vanity. He was ambitious to sport as handsome a span of horses as Ermine, and to appear as well at recitations as Clare; to be as independent in regard to the restrictions of college as Hardworth, and yet to maintain an honorable rank in his class. It was hardly possible to reconcile these conflicting aims; and yet Harry was, to a certain extent, successful. Ermine and Hardworth were dunces, and none of the admiration, which their horses and phaetons excited, was reflected upon themselves. Harry learned his lessons, but also “made a dash” with his horses.

To accomplish this, he was obliged to break in upon the hours which should have been devoted to sleep; and his health suffered for a time in consequence.

Two years had passed by, at Cambridge, when the following conversation might have been heard among some of the students of his class (he was now a junior), as they swung upon one of the iron chains that enclosed the college green.

“ Well, who will be first this term, Belknap ? ”

“ Oh, Clare, of course. There is no such thing as beating him in Greek and mathematics, although Maverick has the highest mark for themes. ”

“ If Maverick would turn to and study, he might easily be first. ”

“ It has always been a marvel to me how that fellow finds time to look at his lessons at all. He is always on hand at the clubs, is first among the Porcellians and Knights, and plays second fiddle to no one at the Pierian. When he is not on horse-back he is with his fencing-master. He goes into town almost every other night to parties ; and when you drop in at his room, you generally find him surrounded by company. ”

“ Yes ; Maverick is generally admitted to be the best fellow in his class. ”

“ How different from Ermine and Hardworth ! Are not they nice boys ? ”

“ That reminds me that I once heard Hardworth call Maverick a coward, behind his back. I believed him for a while—Maverick is so apt to turn upon his heels, and walk away, when any one is rude—but I saw a little occurrence the other day, which made me change my opinion. A poor cripple was playing a hand-organ beneath Hardworth’s window, when Hardworth rushed out, and began abusing him, and finally threw down the organ and broke it. Maverick came up, helped the poor fellow to collect the fragments, and then, asking

what it would cost to repair it, gave the astonished music-grinder ten dollars. A crowd of students had by this time collected round the spot. The cripple, as he moved away, cried out to Harry, 'Long life to your honor, and better manners to that big blackguard!' With a face livid with passion, Hardworth sprang forward to strike him; but Maverick interposed, and, without much apparent effort, threw Hardworth off."

"And what did Hardworth do?"

"We were disappointed in him. He had always been considered the bully of the class. He simply raised his fist, and told Harry to hold him his debtor for this and other favors."

"Very shabby that in Hardworth! Have you heard whether Ermine is to be expelled?"

"He has so often been threatened with expulsion that he has become quite indifferent upon the subject. His last offence was, bringing a bottle of champagne into dinner at Commons, and then popping off the cork into the tutor's face."

"There is the bell for recitation!" The conversation ceased, and the two students passed on to the chapel.

Harry soon found that learning was a jealous mistress, who claimed undivided homage. The flatteries and attentions of his city acquaintances withdrew him more and more from his studies. The reputation of his wealth threw many unprofitable associates in his way, who filched from him his time, and often borrowed his money. He lost rank in his class, and, what was worse, he lost his spirits, and was troubled with severe headaches. There is one odious practice which he did not contract, but perhaps he owed his freedom from



it more to constitutional aversion than to the absence of those influences which are favorable to the acquirement of the habit. I allude to the vice of using intoxicating drinks ; and I must confess that I have yet great hopes of seeing him make something, so long as this stigma cannot be attached to his name.

It often happens in college, as well as in active life, that two persons of congenial temper and pursuits, with every facility for becoming familiarly acquainted, meet and pass each other daily for years, without any other intercourse than that of cold civility. So it had been with Edwin Clare and Henry Maverick. Edwin, while he could not but admire the talents and acquisitions of his classmate, believed him to be devoted to gayeties, which he himself had neither the means nor the inclination to enjoy. He accordingly kept aloof from his society ; and Harry, accustomed to have his acquaintance sought, attributed this shyness to a sense of rivalry or to dislike.

On the evening at which we have now arrived, Harry was promenading in one of the shady walks that skirt the college grounds, when he came up with Edwin, who seemed to be sauntering like himself for recreation. As classmates, they could not well avoid bidding each other good evening. Clare was passing on, when Harry remarked :—  
“ How happens it, Clare, that though you have the reputation of being the hardest student in Cambridge, you manage to look always so ruddy and healthful ? ”

“ Why, Maverick, it must be partly owing to the fact that I brought with me to college a bountiful stock of health, and partly because I never

overwork my brain, if ever so anxious to master a lesson. Besides, I pass my Saturdays, and sometimes my Sundays, at Capeville, and there I have an ample opportunity to recruit. The fresh sea-air soon reinvigorates me."

"I find I cannot study long," said Harry, "without feeling a dizziness, which unfits me for strenuous reflection."

"Why not rusticate for a week or two, and then come back to your books like a giant refreshed?"

"If I could find a place where I should not perish from *ennui*, and yet escape society, I think I would try that plan. Would you recommend Capeville?"

"I fear it would not suit you at all, unless you can content yourself with snipe-shooting and fishing. It is, moreover, so near to Nahant, that you would be constantly tempted to rejoin the society you wish to avoid. I would recommend some interior town in preference."

"I must be near the sea. Come, Clare, you shall let me drive you down to Capeville next Saturday. Don't say 'No,' for I am really solicitous to find some place where to pass the brief summer vacation."

"Very well," said Edwin, laughing; "I will endeavor to make your visit agreeable. You know Capeville has been of late years a favorite haunt of the sea-serpent. If we could only engage his scaly majesty for 'this occasion only—positively his last appearance'—as the play-bills say, you would have at least something to boast of during your stay."

"Undoubtedly his performances would be re-

ceived with immense applause. Well, Clare, I will call for you early on Saturday. Good night!"

"Good night!"

Soon after prayers on the day appointed, Harry's phaeton was driven up to the college gate, and he and Edwin, arm in arm, proceeded toward it along the avenue. Numberless were the surmises among the students at this unprecedented spectacle. Maverick had hitherto been the acknowledged standard of ton, not only among his classmates, but among all the youthful members of the university. Happy was the freshman whom he would honor with his notice! Nor did the senior scorn to seek an introduction to his handsomely furnished rooms.

Clare had always been considered as hopelessly out of fashion. The embryo Brummels of his class would profess to be seriously afflicted by the antediluvian cut of his coat. Drawing upon Mr. Joseph Miller for an indifferent joke, they would remark, that his hat must be terribly sleepy, inasmuch as it had not had a nap for three years. Aware of the feelings excited by his plain though cleanly appearance, Clare was careful in choosing for his associates such only as did not regard the paltry distinctions of dress; and these, I am sorry to say, did not constitute a large proportion of his class.

You may judge of the surprise among the knot of students who had now collected around the gate, on seeing Clare and Maverick enter the phaeton and drive off. Ermine openly declared that "he should cut Maverick after this;" and Hardworth intimated that Harry had always a taste for low company. By some silly youths

these remarks were received with satisfaction ; by others, with smiles of silent derision.

It was a warm, delightful day in June, when the two new friends set out upon their excursion to Capeville.

“The lanes were full of roses,  
The fields were grassy deep,  
The leafiness and floweriness  
Made one abundant heap.”

Edwin was in high spirits ; and he imparted his stores of amusing and curious information, some gathered from books and some from experience, with a lavish profusion.

“Why have we not known each other long since ?” said Henry.

“I saw you surrounded by acquaintances,” replied Edwin ; “and I knew that they wasted enough of your time.”

“And I thought that you, Clare, must be a very unsocial and austere sort of fellow, who would rather *dig* at a Greek root than smell the hedge-row roses.”

“How much mistaken you were ! I have never enjoyed anything more than this bright summer morning. What a dashing team you drive, Maverick ! Your horses move as if guided by one will.”

“Ah ! you must let me take you to Eagleswood, if you wish to see horses. You should see my fast-trotting bay, and the beautiful Arabian that my sister Emmeline rides. You should see Emmeline, too.”

“Then you have a sister ?”

“Thank Heaven, yes !

‘A spirit she! and Joy her name!  
She walks upon the air;  
Grace swims throughout her fragile frame,  
And glistens like a lambent flame  
Amid her golden hair.’”

“This rosy morning has made you poetical, Maverick. How we skim over the ground! I can see the steeple of our village church already.”

“Yes; there is Capeville. I smell the briny air from the Atlantic. It has revived me already. My headache is gone.”

“You are an enthusiast, Maverick.”

“And you?”

“I am, perhaps, somewhat prosaic and practical in my temper. The bed of circumstances is like that of Procrustes; if we are too long, we have to be docked to conform to it; and if we are too short, we are stretched out. Happily, I just fitted the bed in which I found myself.”

“And so you have neither suffered amputation nor elongation?”

“I have never had cause to find fault with my lot.”

“Well; you might justly charge me with ingratitude to Heaven if I—but tell me, tell me, Clare, who is that beautiful girl crossing the road with a basket of strawberries? A lad is by her side. You look the wrong way. She sees us. She bows. Who is she?”

“A young lady with whom I am quite intimately acquainted.”

“Ho! a sweetheart! You shall introduce me, nevertheless. What a face! And with what a careless grace that plaid scarf falls about her shoulders! Now, Clare, do your duty.

‘She glideth on a sunny gleam,  
In youth and innocence so bright ;  
She lendeth lustre to day-light,  
And life to solitude.’ ”

Harry drew up his horses near the side of the road, where the rural beauty was passing, and Edwin simply said: “ Sister Ellen, this is my class-mate and friend, Mr. Maverick. Make him welcome to Capeville.”

“ He is most welcome, Edwin, being your friend. I am sure that mother will say the same.”

Harry felt a little relieved, he knew not why, on learning the true relation in which Clare stood to Ellen. He dismounted from his phaeton, giving the reins to Edwin ; and it was arranged that the latter should ride round to the tavern to bait the horses, while Maverick accompanied Ellen to the cottage. Theodore stood wistfully gazing at the noble-looking span, when, at Harry’s invitation, he entered the carriage with Edwin, and was rolled away in fine style toward the tavern stable.

“ What’s to pay now ?” said Miss Snim, as she watched these proceedings from the window of a little “ variety-shop,” where she dealt in buttons, tape, and calicoes by the retail, and in scandal by the wholesale. “ If there isn’t Ned Clare with a stylish young colleger stopping in a barouche with two horses, to speak to his sister Nell ! And now the colleger jumps out, and takes her basket of strawberries and carries it ; and Theodore and Ned drive off ; and Nell walks away with her new beau, as unconcerned as if she had twenty just like him at her feet every day. Here’s pretty goings-on for Capeville !”

And Miss Snim went from the window to the

door to watch every motion of the couple, till an angle in the road took them from her scandalized sight. She then locked up her shop, thereby losing three or four good customers, and hurried off to communicate the astounding intelligence to those who she thought would take the most intense interest in the recital.

Ellen, though plainly clad in a coarse calico gown, felt no false mortification or regret, because she had not been found in a better dress. There was that indescribable grace about her attire, humble as it was, which seems to be the result of innate taste, and not of education. She had no fashionable mantuamaker to thank for it; for she cut and made up all her own and her mother's clothes herself: but there it was, obvious to all eyes that could apprehend the beautiful! The charm was simplicity—a conformity to nature—a sympathy with that beauty which clothes the lily and droops in the willow's curve.

"How delicious is the perfume of these strawberries!" said Henry Maverick, holding up the basket which Ellen had almost filled.

"They are wild ones," replied Ellen. "They have more flavor than those that are cultivated in gardens, though somewhat smaller in size."

"Does time never hang heavy on your hands, Miss Clare, in this secluded little place?"

"Quite the contrary! I often wish the day were twice as long. And what is very odd, the more I do, and the more I read, and study,—the more I find to do, read and, study. A very hopeless case, is it not, Mr. Maverick?"

"Not when we recollect that we have an immortality for the exercise of our faculties."

“ Ah, sir, that is quite true. I was not altogether serious in my question.”

“ And who would be serious such a day as this, Miss Clare ; when, as Bryant says, ‘ our Mother Nature is laughing around ? ’ The blue bird that is just alighting on that old apple-tree will sing a different song.”

“ You are an admirer of nature, sir ? ”

“ Yes, and it is therefore that I have come to Capeville.”

The bloom upon Ellen’s cheek was slightly heightened as she replied : “ You will see it here in its most rugged and majestic forms. The solitary beach ; the foam-beaten crag, where the sea-birds scream and wheel ; the stunted pine-tree in the midst of barrenness ; the distant sail ; the roar of breakers ; these are the sights and sounds which you may enjoy upon our coast. I have forgotten one thing more,” added Ellen, fearing that she had been a little too poetical—“ the sea serpent ! ”

“ And you charge me with admiration for nature, Miss Clare ! Why, you are yourself not only an admirer, but a rhapsodist.”

“ Not so bad as that ! I only go so far as to escape meriting the description which Wordsworth gives of Peter Bell.”

“ And what is that ? ”

“ In vain, through every changeful year,  
Did nature lead him as before ;  
A primrose by the river’s brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.”

“ Yes, Mr. Maverick, I am just enough of the



rhapsodist to see something more in a primrose than a mere vegetable, and something more in a strawberry than a mere eatable. Consider what gainers we are by this faculty of increasing the value of things by discovering in them properties and charms which many do not estimate !”

“Is there an institution in Capeville for teaching young ladies philosophy, poetry, and all that sort of thing?” asked Harry, in a tone of raillery.

“Yes,” replied Ellen, smiling ; and then, with a more serious manner, she added, “and God is its principal !”

Edwin’s voice was heard calling to them ; and Ellen suddenly found that they had passed some rods beyond the cottage gate. She apologized ingenuously for the inadvertence ; and leading the way into the house, introduced “Edwin’s friend, Mr. Maverick,” to her mother.

Few are the cottages in New England, which cannot boast of their “best chamber,” kept sacred for the casual guest or the married son, who comes home to “thanksgiving.” Harry was shown to that one, which bore this distinction at the Clare cottage, with a readiness that assured him he had “put nobody out” by his coming. How pure, and white, and clean everything appeared in it ! How like newly-drifted snow, the coverlet and the pillows ! And then the simple little wash-stand, with its liberal supply of towels, and the little glass in the rose-wood frame hanging over it ! And, in the middle of the room, the old-fashioned round table, with a leaf, that shut down perpendicularly ! But now it was covered with a plain white cloth, and there was a single volume in the

centre, handsomely bound and gilt. It was the Book of books.

Many a well-meaning housewife, on receiving an unexpected guest, whom she believes to be accustomed to accommodations far superior to anything she can afford, will begin by offering excuses, and expressions of regret, that she cannot give him this luxury and that; she will bid him welcome to the best she has, but "she wishes for his sake it was better." All this is very superfluous, and in very bad taste. Far different was Mrs. Clare's mode of welcoming her son's friend.

The breakfast bell rang, and Harry, on entering the room, found a table spread with a plain, but substantial meal. The incomparable strawberries were not forgotten. Harry did extreme justice to them in particular. He amused his new friends with lively anecdotes of college life and of scenes at "commons;" described the suspicious-looking soups, the adamantine puddings, and the venerable chickens, which the students sometimes had to encounter at meals; and narrated some of those old traditional practical jokes, handed down from class to class, which freshmen are wont to burn to emulate. Theodore thought he should choke with laughter.

How quickly the day seemed to glide by to all! Ellen sang over her best songs, and then Harry read aloud from the "Lady of the Lake," which was a new-year's present to her from Theodore. Soon after dinner, they strolled down to the beach. Many a gay carriage passed them by, and many a fair lady would bow to Harry, and then look back and wonder "who *could* be the persons Maverick was walking with." Had Ellen been a little more

observant, she might have seen that she was subjected to many a rude stare, and many an illiberal remark. But she had none of that shyness which springs from vanity. She was not self-conceited enough to be diffident.

As our party were returning home along the beach, they encountered a gay vehicle, containing two young men, who were driving their horses at a furious speed along the beach. As they drew nigh, they slackened their pace a moment, and then, observing Maverick and his friends, turned and drove so near to them, as to scatter the sand over their feet, and oblige them to move from their track. The youths, who succeeded in performing this exquisite and *gentlemanly* feat, were Messrs. Ermine and Hardworth. A coarse laugh was heard from them as they drove away, congratulating themselves upon the impromptu felicity and delectable cleverness of their joke.

"I might have upset their vehicle, Maverick," said Edwin, "if I had chosen to endanger the little brains they have."

"How so?" asked Harry, who could not but admire the coolness of his companion, while he himself was chafing with indignation at the impertinence of the light-headed rakes.

"By resting this stout stick upon a stone in this manner, and placing it in the way of the left wheels," said Edwin.

"The punishment would not have been too severe for them."

"I fear they have been indulging in wine," said Mrs. Clare; "for their faces seemed flushed. Ah, wine, sir, is the introductory step to all misdoings."

With what a look of virtuous wonder and resigned amazement did Miss Snim, the next morning, which was Sunday, see Henry Maverick accompany Ellen to church!

“Well, if something doesn't *come* of this, something ought to, that I *will* say;” whispered the amiable spinster to her neighbor.

Harry took leave of the Clares that evening, and returned to his studies at Cambridge, much gratified and impressed by what he had seen of refinement of manners and intellectual cultivation in an humble walk of New England rural life. Often as his thoughts recurred to Ellen, and her “household motions, light and free,” and the little cottage kept in order by her care, he would return to it in memory, and exclaim:

“The spirit of contentment, maiden dear,  
Is breathing in thy very atmosphere;  
I feel it sway me while I linger here.  
The sense of neatness, felt in everything,  
Speaks with a mother's voice, and bids thee spread  
The little table with its covering,  
The floor with clean sand crackling to the tread.  
Everywhere round the hand beloved I trace,  
That makes a paradise of any place.”



## CHAPTER VI.

“ But now the day’s for ever gone  
When thou wert like a bird ;  
And singing in so soft a tone  
As I never since have heard.”—T. K. HERVEY.

“ WHAT inseparable cronies Clare and Maverick have become all at once !” said Belknap to his friend Jones.

“ Yes. Harry never asks us to ride to Fresh Pond with him at sundown, as he used to. No one will content him as a companion but Clare.”

“ Did you ever see a fellow look so seedy as Clare does in that rusty coat and hat ? I wonder that Harry doesn’t give him some of his cast-off clothes.”

“ It is very eccentric in Harry to attach himself to such a fellow. He ought to lose caste by it ; but instead of that, he is more thought of than ever by the class.”

“ That is because he has made himself so exclusive of late. And then he has so much money to spend ; and he has such an off-hand way of doing things !”

“ Hardworth and his clan are more exasperated against him than ever. So long as he was a competitor in horse-flesh with their great man they could keep their temper, but the coolness and indifference of his present conduct are intolerable.”

“ Did you hear what Ermine had been suspended for ?”

“ He was found tipsy at the theatre last week.”

“ Poor fellow ! What a melancholy spectacle it must be to him to see so many temperance societies springing up !”

“ Come to recitation ! There is the bell !”

Nearly two months had passed since Harry had visited Capeville. He had sent, through Edwin, a volume of music handsomely bound to Ellen, which was very properly accepted. Mrs. Clare did not encourage her son, however, to invite him again to the cottage. She saw that he was quite well enough pleased with Ellen’s society, and she feared that a prolonged acquaintance would make Ellen equally pleased with his. Both were young ; and Mrs. Clare was aware of the prejudices of the rich and fashionable in regard to the alliances of their children.

The autumnal vacation was now approaching ; and Henry Maverick was preparing to return to Eagleswood. He had wished, however, first to take leave of his friends at Capeville ; and Edwin, who was becoming sincerely attached to him, could not forbear inviting him to make another visit. Together they again left Cambridge, and, on a fine morning in August, drew up before the little cottage at Capeville. Again did Miss Snim thrust her sharp visage out of the window of her shop, and again did she wonder what the “ young colleger” had to do at the Widow Clare’s cottage.

“ Well !” exclaimed Miss Snim, “ if the *select men* don’t inquire into this business, then it’s because they don’t know their duty—that I *will* say. The next thing we shall hear of will be an elopement or something worse. I have always told the widow, that Miss Nell was a little too forward and

independent in her movements for *my* taste. Oh, I wish I had the bringing-up of her ! She shouldn't open her lips in the presence of a man under sixty, unless it was a settled clergyman, and she shouldn't sit in the singing-seats unless there was a married woman on each side of her. Well ! it shan't be my fault, if she goes to ruination. I'll just shut up my shop, and run and ask old Mrs. Prim what had better be done about it."

Harry's reception at the cottage was cordial on all sides ; and the fact cannot be denied, that there was a little more heartiness in Ellen's welcome than a coquette would have thought prudent.

The day flew rapidly by. Ellen, after singing some of the new songs Harry had presented, was putting on her bonnet for another walk with him to the beach, when a man on horseback, who had evidently been riding at considerable speed, stopped before the cottage. He inquired for Mr. Henry Maverick, and put a packet sealed with black into his hands, saying that he had been sent all the way from New York to deliver it—that he had stopped at his apartments at Cambridge, and learned from an old woman, that Mr. Henry had gone to Capeville for a day or two with Mr. Clare. Immediately mounting a horse, he had found his way to the cottage, having inquired at a little shop round the corner, if there were any such person as Mr. Clare in the village.

Long before the man had finished his story, Harry had seized the packet, and, with a beating heart, having asked him for a few moments, had ber to discover the contents. "Is the news bad?" as

with no little anxiety depicted in her countenance.

"I can't say, miss. I was paid for my job, and sent off in such a hurry as to have no time for asking questions. The woman who keeps the shop just round the corner yonder, kept me five minutes asking me questions, or I should have been here sooner. Isn't she a teaser? I thought she would seize hold of me, so cantankerous was she to hear the news. I couldn't make her believe that I had no news to tell."

At another time, Ellen might have smiled at this instance of Miss Snim's ruling propensity; but she was now filled with anxiety, lest "her brother's friend" might be in distress at the reception of melancholy intelligence.

The news was melancholy, as the following letter from Mr. Wainbridge will show:—

"MY DEAR HENRY:—The arrival of a special messenger and the black seal upon my letter will have prepared you for intelligence of a serious and mournful character. A member of your family is dead, and that member is your father. You will of course return home with all possible expedition; but I fear you will not be in season to attend his remains to their last resting-place.

"It appears that your father's affairs have been very much involved of late. He had speculated largely and boldly; not only in that article of *men don't inc* in which he had been accustomed to trade in foreign and various stocks of *cause they don't*. The failure of some of these *The next thing we* broke in upon his regular *ment or something we* in embarrassments *widow, that Miss Nell wa*



that soon affected his credit. The banks refused him discounts, and his fellow-merchants declined endorsing for him. He saw no means of meeting his engagements.

“Last Friday night, he sat up writing and examining a variety of complicate accounts. He seems to have accomplished a vast amount of labor. His protracted mental exertion, combined with anxiety and depression of spirits, produced a determination of blood to the head, which was fatal. He was found in the morning lifeless in his chair, a sheet of paper half covered with figures before him, and his fingers grasping the pen, as if about to write. His countenance was placid, and, from its expression, we may hope that he died without pain.

“I need hardly add that this deplorable event was totally unexpected to your family. Your mother did not even know that her husband was embarrassed in his affairs. He was not one to carry the gloom of his business troubles and vexations into the domestic circle; and, with the exception that he seemed to be more immersed in business than usual, and at night more restless and wakeful, she saw no variation in his demeanor. I conversed with him the day before his death. He spoke of you with affection, and asked if I had received a letter from you lately.

“Your mother is of course in very great affliction. She is well enough to write you, however, as you will see from the enclosed letter. Emmeline appears to feel the shock deeply. She will remain silent for hours, and does not weep; which is a bad symptom, where the mind is struggling with intense grief.

“I rely upon your firmness and manhood, my dear Henry, to act well on this occasion. A great responsibility will devolve upon you. It is now time for you to show that you have not been a mere student of words and things, but that your heart and character have undergone a fitting education, and that you are fortified by Christian faith to endure this chastening of the Lord. My earnest sympathy and co-operation are with you. Come on here without delay. At the request of your mother, I am superintending everything at Eagleswood.

“With constant prayers for your well-being, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

“STANLEY WAINBRIDGE.”

The letter from Mrs. Maverick, referred to by Mr. Wainbridge, was as follows :

“DEAR HARRY:—You have heard the dreadful news. Pray come on without delay. My nerves are terribly shocked. Your poor father never told me a word about his embarrassments. Eagleswood will have to be put under the hammer. I shall not survive it, I fear. Your sister is no comfort to me under this trial. While I am crying and crying, she sits staring at me with her great blue eyes, without shedding a tear or speaking a word. I do wish she would take on a little. It would be a relief.

“I have placed everything in Mr. Wainbridge’s hands, who is very good and considerate, and has kept off three or four hungry-looking lawyers, who came up the moment poor Mr. M.’s death was announced in the city papers. Come with all

speed, my dear son, for I am terribly depressed by this sad bereavement. Your affectionate mother,  
"MARY MAVERICK."

Henry's grief was at first violent. He buried his face in the pillow, and half stifled himself in the attempt to repress the noise of his sobs. He recalled to mind the many instances of his father's kindness and liberality, and of his own disobedience and neglect. He remembered the conversation on the lawn, the day he sailed on the river, contrary to his express command. With what delicacy did his father avoid alluding to the subject after the afflicting catastrophe which followed! How indulgent he had always been!

Ah! how poignantly does death make us feel every past act of unkindness or neglect toward a beloved object! How do we reproach ourselves for every harsh word, every angry look, every disobliging omission! With what a sense of relief does memory recur to those evidences of affection, those deeds of love, which redeem the dark side of the retrospect! Let the lesson teach us to be less chary of the charities and amenities of life; to conquer that fretfulness of temper, which is too often productive of acerbities that embitter the intercourse between friends and kindred, and leave rankling remembrances behind them. Let us love one another. Brief is our sojourn in this school of mortality. Why should we cloud our fleeting days, and violate the primal law which Christ has imposed, by our paltry quarrels and misunderstandings? Let us love one another.

Hours flew by without Harry's being aware that minutes even had passed. Time stands still while

passion rages. At length a knock at the door aroused him. He stared around, hardly recollecting where he was or what had happened. For a moment he stood and asked himself, Is not this a dream? am not I myself a dream? Consciousness at length returned. He opened the door. With a look of concern, Edwin entered, and asked if anything unfavorable had happened? Harry handed him Mr. Wainbridge's letter. Edwin read it, and refolding the paper, gave it back. He did not attempt the hollow common-places of consolation. He knew how like mockery they fall on the spirit newly bruised. He simply advised Harry to leave instantly for Boston, in order to be in season for the train of cars that started in the afternoon for Providence. Harry mutely assented.

The carriage was brought round from the tavern; and Edwin, re-entering his friend's room, told him that all was ready for his departure. Harry took his arm in silence, and they walked through the entry toward the front door. Rallying his spirits, he stepped into the parlor to take leave of Mrs. Clare and Ellen. They had briefly learned from Edwin the news of his affliction. He saw at once, from their sympathizing looks, that no explanation was required. Mrs. Clare received his proffered hand, and said; "My young friend, I will not presume to attempt the consolation which God and time alone can give. Our prayers are all we can offer."

Ellen said nothing; for her heart was full as she gazed in the pale face of "her brother's friend." But the soul that beamed through her tears—what volumes of tenderness and of truth did it speak! Harry did not read them at the moment; but,

years afterward, he recalled the seraph-like expression with a vividness which reality could not have surpassed.

With a simple "God bless you!" uttered in faltering tones, he took leave of the kind-hearted matron and her daughter, not forgetting Theodore, who had been anticipating great sport from his company, and who now seemed moved by a disinterested sorrow.

It was agreed that Edwin should drive Harry to the city, where he would probably arrive just in season to take the cars. Edwin would then drive to Cambridge, arrange his friend's baggage, and send it to New York by the next day's conveyance. This arrangement was effected. They reached the depot some minutes before the cars started; bade each other an affectionate farewell; and, before nightfall, Harry found himself on board the good steamboat Massachusetts, on his way home.

The night was dark and stormy. Not a star was visible. On through the rough waters the vessel plunged, with a wake of sparks above, and of phosphoric foam below. Harry paced the hurricane deck alone for hours. At length a shower of rain drove him to take shelter in the long cabin. A dim light glimmered at either end. It was past midnight. The passengers had retired to their berths. The colored servants lay about on the settees or on the floor. Things seemed more gloomy here than on deck. The noise of the engine, the moaning of the wind, the laboring and creaking of the vessel, as she staggered through the opposing waves, combined to increase the sensation of desolateness and bereavement which Maverick now experienced.

He moved toward the table, where a solitary candle, with a long unsnuffed wick, shed a feeble ray. A book attracted his notice. It was a Bible, presented, for the use of passengers, by one of those beneficent societies, whose object it is to multiply the Scriptures, and place them within the reach of the whole human family. Trimming the candle, Henry Maverick opened the volume at the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, and read those sublime assurances of the immortality of man, which must always carry a consoling power to the heart of the Christian, and which no person of intellect can peruse, without feeling and acknowledging the superhuman inspiration of the language and the sentiment.

“For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.”

Maverick closed the chapter, and covered his face with his hands. An internal voice confirmed the solemn truth. An awful consciousness of immortality possessed his soul. He knew that his father, though dead, was yet alive. The “husk of animal organization” had broken, and the emancipated, imperishable spirit had soared to a new existence. Why repine at the ordinations of God? With a prayer of contrition and resignation in his heart, Maverick bent over the sacred book. The storm within his soul was hushed; for “o’er its troubled waves the Savior walked.” Weary, but resigned, the young mourner retired to his berth; and, though the winds roared without, and the sea dashed fearfully against the pitching vessel, he soon sank into a sweet and serene sleep.

Faint not in your noble enterprise, ye propagators of God’s Book of Life! How often have ye

been the means of shedding the light of its truth, and the balm of its consolation, about the path of earth-worn pilgrims! How often have the sick heart and the struggling spirit found cause to bless your pious labors! Ye may never know, in this world, what souls ye have aided to purify and save, or what breaking hearts ye have aided to heal; but God, who seeth the sparrow's fall, seeth also these things. With him resteth your reward.



## CHAPTER VII.

*Stephen.*—I see, Sir Thomas,  
Some great misfortune has befallen you.

*Clifford.*—No!  
I have health ; I have strength ; my reason, Stephen, and  
A heart that's clear in truth, with trust in God.  
No great disaster can befall the man,  
Who's still possessed of these."

KNOWLES.

"If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right, and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming apartment, where we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure."

GOLDSMITH.

ON arriving at Eagleswood, Henry found Mr. Wainbridge and Ralph Armstrong in the library, busily engaged in arranging papers and unravelling accounts. The funeral had taken place the day before. Hastily thanking his friends for their attention, he went to seek his mother and sister. Mrs. Maverick received him with hysterical fondness, followed by lamentations for their bereavement. Emmeline did not utter a sigh or shed a tear. She received his embrace without returning it, and smiled faintly, as if unconscious of his presence, when he looked in her face.

"I am afraid the poor child's wits are gone," said Mrs. Maverick ; "she walks about so quietly and uncomplainingly. And no wonder she feels the blow ! I am amazed at my own strength of mind in not giving way to it. Oh, Harry, we



are ruined! - Everything is lost. I doubt if we shall have left to us the clothes on our backs."

Harry was pained at hearing his mother lay more stress upon the loss of her property and position than of her husband. With some good qualities, she had, from an education which taught her to attach too much importance to the frivolities of fashion, contracted a worldliness of disposition that imbued her whole character. She had married Mr. Maverick as much for his wealth as for his amiable traits and unexceptionable person. And now that he was dead, she mourned his departure, not merely because she was deprived of his society, but because those worldly luxuries, which he had always supplied, must now be abandoned. If you ask, how happened it that Emmeline did not inherit her mother's tastes and character, I can only attribute it to the fact that nature did the most for her education. Occupied with her own affairs, Mrs. Maverick did not interfere much with that great instructor. Emmeline passed the greater part of the year in the country, unchecked in her rambles, and almost unguided in her pursuits. For the original direction of many of her habits and studies, however, she was indebted to an intelligent governess, who had passed some time in Europe, and who took a deep interest in her pretty pupil. The governess, after remaining nearly three years in the family, had married and gone abroad. Henry's influence was then not without its effect upon Emmeline's character, and she followed him in all his favorite studies with sympathetic fidelity. To her father she had been devotedly attached; and the shock

occasioned by his death seemed to stun and confound her faculties.

Mrs. Maverick was proceeding to dilate upon the disastrous condition of their affairs; but Harry had no ear for anything so long as Emmeline continued in her painfully passive state. He led her forth into the open air. Old Hotspur came up to them, not with frolicsome bounds as he was wont, but with a sober pace and a demure and wistful look, as if he would say: "This is melancholy business for all of us." General Mingo stood currying his "poor massa's" horse in the sun, as if by that act he sought to blind his memory to the loss he had sustained. On seeing Harry and Emmeline, he approached, shook hands with "young massa," and then, with a mournful wave of the head, returned to his labor.

Entering the garden, Henry Maverick led his sister to the same rustic seat he had formerly occupied with her, when recovering from his first severe illness. The morning was fresh and clear. The shower of the preceding day had washed the sky of all its stains, and brightened the deciduous foliage. The mellow earth seemed laughing in the warm sunshine.

"Do you not remember," said Henry, taking his sister's hand, "those days when you, Emmeline, used to sit by my bed-side, after poor Charley Brudenel had been lost in my gay little boat, the Arrow? and how you used to read to me from that old book of Fairy Tales, with the picture of Cherry and Fair Star in the beginning? and how, when I began to recover from my long illness, you led me forth one bright morning like this, to this very spot, and gathered for me flowers

and grapes like those ? and how Hotspur frolicked about us and barked, and you sang me that old song—what was it ? You have not forgotten it ? It ran something thus :—

“ Let us flit as bright as spring ;  
Let us naught but pleasure bring. ”

At the mention of Charles Brudenel and the Arrow, Emmeline's bosom had begun to heave, and her eyes to glisten with intelligence ; and, as Harry hummed the old song, with which when a child she had essayed to win him from dark thoughts, she murmured, “ Brother ! It is you ! ” And the fountain of tears was at once unsealed, and she sank, weeping, upon his shoulder. From that moment she seemed fully restored ; and her cheek, which had grown wofully pale, gradually reassumed its bloom. Harry led her to those high sources of consolation, where he himself had found relief ; and her soul was strengthened. With an intelligence beyond her years, she now entered into his labors, and communed with him as to their plans for the future.

The condition of Mr. Maverick's affairs was found even worse than had been anticipated. His liabilities exceeded his available assets by a large sum. Eagleswood had long since been mortgaged at its full value, and it must now inevitably be sacrificed. Indeed, it was discovered that after all the property, accessible to creditors, was surrendered, and all the debts of the family were paid, there would only remain personal property enough to allow an annuity of two or three hundred dollars. This was a deplorable fall for a

family who had been accustomed to live at the rate of twenty thousand a year.

Such was the most favorable result at which Mr. Wainbridge could arrive, after laborious investigations, and several consultations with the lawyers, employed by Mr. Maverick's creditors. Henry received the intelligence with composure. The thought of surrendering Eagleswood, the spot where he was born, and where he had passed so many pleasant hours, was somewhat bitter. The reflection that his mother and sister would be deprived of the luxuries to which they had been accustomed, brought with it a pang. His eye fell on a fine blood horse, grazing in a neighboring park, and the recollection that he must henceforth content himself with exercise on foot, provoked a momentary sigh. But he looked to Heaven for support, and his unavailing regrets gave way. He was no longer the creature of impulse. With his religious faith, a deep and abiding principle had been born, which actuated him now, and seemed to supply in many instances the place of worldly experience. He was resolved *to do his duty*. Conscience and revelation would tell him what that duty was.

Mrs. Maverick, after starting several impracticable plans, ended in confiding everything to Henry—declaring always, that she could not long survive such a terrible change of position, and telling him to make such arrangements as he thought wisest. After consulting with Mr. Wainbridge, he determined upon his course. He engaged a small house in the city, at an extremely moderate rent, and furnished it comfortably from the numerous articles at Eagleswood which he saved

from the hammer of the auctioneer. He then discharged all the servants, except a female cook, and old Mingo. Indeed, it would have been a difficult matter to discharge the latter. He would not have stayed discharged.

Every article of property that was not immediately necessary was sold at auction—the horses, coaches, boats, pictures, statues, books, and the cabinet of gems, with the aviary and hot-house plants included. Harry also wrote to Edwin Clare to dispose of his horses, coach, and furniture at Cambridge, and, with the proceeds, to pay his college debts—a commission which was punctually discharged. He then called together, at Eagleswood, all the minor creditors, trades-people, and laborers, and settled their accounts. Knowing the circumstances under which Mr. Maverick had died, many of them had expected to be put off; and they now witnessed with respect Mr. Henry's conduct.

One of them, a butcher, named Lewis, whose bill amounted to upward of a hundred dollars, waited until there was no danger of his being overheard, and then requested Harry to let the bill stand.

“Why so, Lewis?”

“Well, to be candid and above board, Mr. Henry, the moment I saw those three lawyers prowling about the rooms, that moment I knew that they would leave plaguey little of the tin behind them. And so, you see, if it would be a convenience—”

“Ah, Lewis, don't abuse the lawyers. I intend to be a lawyer myself.”

“Then there will be one honest lawyer of my acquaintance, and depend upon it, Mr. Henry, I will send you all the custom of our county.”

“ Thank you, Lewis ; I will endeavor to justify your good opinion.”

“ Well, Mr. Henry, it is now ten years, come next May, that I have supplied Eagleswood with meat, and many is the pleasant greeting and companionable word that I have had from your father and you. Never did I know him to haggle, like some of his rich neighbors, about a cent or two in the price of a pound of beef ; and never did he dispute my bills, although once, I remember, I charged him ten dollars too much—a mistake—which I made all right in the next year’s account. And so, Mr. Henry, if you won’t let the bill stand, just say you will call on Sim Lewis, if you should ever want the loan of a couple of hundred dollars or so on long interest. Perhaps I could make it twice as much on a pinch. Leave a note for me at the Butchers’ and Drovers’ Bank in the Bowery, and you will be sure to hear from me in the course of the next day.”

Heartily thanking the honest butcher, Harry assured him that he would bear his generous offer in mind.

Immediate preparations were now made for leaving Eagleswood, and removing to the humble domicil which Henry had engaged in the city. The furniture which he had retained had been packed off, and a day was fixed for the departure of the family ; but owing to the unfavorableness of the weather, they tarried beyond the period fixed. At length the sun rose clear and bright. It was a beautiful morning in September.

“ We will leave Eagleswood to-day, Emmeline,” said Henry.

“ Yes, brother, we are all ready. I have found

a purchaser for the harp. My old Italian master, Bartozzi, has recommended it so strongly to Mrs. Danton, that she has concluded to purchase it for Lucy."

"And what will she give you for it, my dear?"

"Oh, she says she will give two hundred dollars."

"Less than one half what it is worth. No, Emmeline, don't let her have it. She knows perfectly well that it cost seven hundred dollars not two years ago. We must be shrewd in our bargains now, my dear, and always have an eye to the main chance. I will send the harp to some music-store, where we shall probably be able to obtain for it at least half as much as it is worth."

"Dear me, children," sighed Mrs. Maverick, "how can you talk so coolly about these things? I begin to think that you have no feeling."

"Why, mother," returned Emmeline, "is it any great privation to part with my harp, when, by so doing, I shall bestow the more attention on my piano?"

"Well, child, the piano will go next; and what will you do then?"

"Oh, then I shall devote myself to cultivating my voice, which would, perhaps, be much the best plan. It will puzzle them to sell that at auction."

"La, child, how can you be so light-hearted, when it isn't a month since your poor father died? You must always be either sad as an oyster, or lively as a cricket. Why don't you take more after me?"

Emmeline felt the deep injustice of the strange and inconsistent rebuke, and was silent.

Mrs. Maverick continued: "For my part, I

'don't see much worth living for, now that everything is gone by the board. Dear me! what will the Van Rapps say? How the Dantons will look down on us! And how that odious Mrs. Sumpter will pretend to pity us, while all the time she is chuckling at our downfall! I wonder if Sir William will bow to us in Broadway? or if Charlotte Ermine will ask us to her *déjeuners*? Dear me!"

"We shall have this advantage," said Harry, at the close of his mother's Jeremiad; "an advantage which the rich cannot always enjoy—we shall know who are really our friends."

"Mercy upon it! how can a person expect friends without the means of entertaining them?"

"And so you would call the friends of your entertainments, *your* friends? That is not good reasoning, my dear mother. A person may be very fond of my dinners, and yet care as little for me as for the servant who hands him his soup."

"But is it not dreadful to descend so suddenly in the world?"

"Not unless we fall through our own follies or crimes. I do not see why a man should not come down hill as gracefully as he went up."

"Oh, it is very easy to talk, Harry, and philosophize, but the thing is to do. When it comes to wanting a good dinner or decent clothes, you will see the difference between speculation and reality."

"I can only pray that such reverses may not occur through any delinquency on my part; and that, should they come, I may meet them manfully. Ah, mother, it is a benign ordination of nature, that affliction almost always brings with it its own antidote. Every sphere of life has its peculiar



pleasures and pains. If we are low in fortune, the desire to rise affords a worthy aim, and, if successful, a positive pleasure. If we are high, it may be a satisfaction to behold so many beneath us; but which is the nobler and purer delight?"

"Ah, Harry, when the stern struggles come, you will find all this is mere boy's talk. I know enough of the world to know that indigence is bitter."

"But we will not call that condition indigent, mother, where we are merely deprived of superfluous luxuries. While I have health, strength, and independence, no man can call me poor. What says the old song?"

"Psha, Harry! you are always quoting scraps of old songs."

"Well, listen to this, and believe there is something more in it than rhyme and metre :

'Opinion is the rate of things,  
From hence our peace doth flow;  
I have a better fate than kings,  
Because I think it so.'

"That is a very good song for beggars to sing, Master Henry."

"God's pensioners we will be, my dear mother, but not man's—not while my right hand retains its cunning."

Before the conversation could be resumed by Mrs. Maverick, the noise of a scuffle in the entry was heard, and with it Ralph Armstrong's voice, exclaiming, "I forbid your entering that room, gentlemen. The family are there."

"And what care I for the family?" said Ravenstone Hardworth in reply; "they engaged to leave

this place yesterday. They have no longer any right here. The place is my father's—he has bought it of the assignees. If these folks want charity, let them apply to the parish authorities. Open here, I say !”

Hardworth knocked violently at the door, and Henry Maverick threw it open. Armstrong, who, at this last climax of brutality, had struck the intruder in the face, was struggling in his grasp, while our estimable friend Ermine, armed with a cane, was valorously endeavoring to find a safe opportunity to hit the blacksmith's son a blow on the head. Harry arrested him in his purpose, and advised him to be prudent and step aside—a monition which was obeyed with alacrity. Then parting the combatants, Harry folded his arms, and quietly regarded the young ruffian, who had taken this opportunity to pay off old scores by an insolent abuse of authority.

For a moment, Hardworth was disconcerted ; and then, rallying his bad passions, he said—“ Come, Frank ! these good people mean to hang on to the last ; but I suppose they will not object to our examining the rooms.”

“ Do you mean to let them enter ?” asked Ralph Armstrong.

“ Certainly,” returned Harry ; “ but I shall accompany them, to see that they behave themselves with decency in the presence of ladies.”

Hardworth and his companion entered. Ermine had a cigar in his mouth. Maverick politely requested him to throw it aside. Attributing the mildness of the tone to fear, Ermine refused. Harry dashed the cigar out of his hands to the ground. Ermine at first seemed disposed to resent the in-

dignity, but speedily concluded that he would pass it by with silent contempt. It seemed to him, as he afterward said, that there was something dangerous in Maverick's eye. He did not venture to pick up the cigar. Hardworth kept on his hat. Maverick gently removed it, and handed it to him with a bow. It was not again placed in its offensive position while the ladies were present, although the act caused Hardworth to bite his lip till the blood came, with rage. He had entered the house, prepared to bully and insult the whole family ; but the quiet energy of Harry awed him and his imbecile companion ; and the cold, proud glance of Mrs. Maverick, who now drew herself up with true and becoming dignity, made them feel decidedly uncomfortable.

The silence was becoming embarrassing, when Hardworth ventured to remark, that he should have " those bow-windows altered, and that old-fashioned wainscoting knocked away. And, by the way, that old oak-tree in front must bite the dust. It intercepts the view of the steamboats on the river."

Poor Harry ! The old oak-tree was associated with the earliest and happiest recollections of his childhood. From one of its sturdiest branches hung the swing, which had so often borne him and Emmeline through the rushing air. She now looked at him, as they heard the barbarous proposition, with a glance in which tenderness and indignation were strangely blended.

Mr. Ermine seemed struck with the propriety of cutting down the old tree. Indeed, he did not much see the use of having any trees on the place, except one or two to smoke under in summer. He declared, that if the estate were his, he would

“level that grove of chestnuts, and turn the ground into a race-course.” Then pulling out his watch, he reminded his companion that the cock-fight at Danforth’s came off at one o’clock, and that he would not miss it on any account, as he had bets pending. Hardworth agreed that they ought not to miss the sport; and the two elegant young men immediately started to go. Hardworth, when at the door, turned to make some impertinent remark, but he encountered the eyes of Ralph Armstrong, looking so particularly “wolfish,” that he concluded to forbear; and, taking Mr. Ermine’s arm, he departed, remarking to his companion, that “the next time they came, they would bring along with them the servants and dogs.”

“There will be puppies if *you* come,” said Ralph, who was getting to be a little too pugnacious, and whose hard, work-worn hands were quivering to make an anvil of the soft heads of the retiring worthies.

Hardworth possessed some little physical courage, and he turned to resent the remark; but Ermine drew him away, declaring that the contest would be unequal, for that Armstrong, when he “squared off, always reminded him of Deaf Burke.”

The coach that was to convey the Mavericks to their new residence in the city was now at the door. Mr. Wainbridge, the Brudenels, Ralph Armstrong, and a number of poor people of the village, who had been accustomed to receive Emmeline’s charitable visits, were on the piazza, to take leave of the departing family. Mingo, who, with the gayety of spirits peculiar to his people, had reconciled himself to the change in the for-

tunes of the family, was seated on the box with the coachman. Mrs. Maverick had entered the carriage, and sank back on the seat to give vent to her tears. Mr. Brudenel was attempting, but not with apparent success, to cheer her spirits. Emmeline and Mary Brudenel were exchanging kisses ; and an old Irish woman, who had received many a kindness from the " young mistress," was bidding " bad luck to the likes of those as would hairm a hair of the darlint's head."

In his way to the coach, Henry Maverick passed through the library where he had spent in early youth so many happy and profitable hours. The furniture and books had not been displaced. The sun streamed cheerfully in at the window over the rich carpet as of yore, lighting up even the stern antique busts over the book-cases with a smile. Harry paused. His eye scanned the titles of the volumes on those shelves, with which he was most familiar. There they stood in the same places which they had occupied as far back as his recollection could go. There were the sterling old editions of Pope, and Addison, and Goldsmith, and Johnson, and Milton, and Richardson, and Young, and Burns, and Thomson, and Sterne, and their contemporaries, the poets, moralists, and philosophers of the last century. There was the illustrated edition of Shakspeare, over which he had pored with the freshness of boyish admiration and delight. There were Boswell's delightful volumes, who has made us more intimately acquainted with the great English lexicographer, than if we had lived and dined with him. There were the works of our own Franklin, the wit, statesman, and sage ; and there were thousands more. How wistfully

did Harry look at these brave old companions ! His breast began to heave. It seemed like tearing himself away from living friends. And had they not been living friends, counsellors, and companions to his heart and mind ?

Banishing his regrets with a sigh, he left the room, with its " old familiar faces," and hastened to join his sister and mother. They all took their places in the coach. Harry shook hands with his friends, and, by a strong effort, repressed the outward signs of emotion. Mr. Wainbridge and Ralph promised to visit him soon in the city. Mr. Brudnel and Mary, with tearful eyes, bade him farewell. The old servants of the family, and a number of the poor people of the village who stood by, cried : " God bless you, Master Harry !" and, " The Lord prosper you, your honor !" and, " Good luck to the likes o' you !" And amid these exclamations and good wishes, the coachman drove off. Down the wide gravelled avenue, bordered by venerable elms, rolled the carriage. The very branches of the trees, as their leaves brushed the coach window, seemed to wave a not unkind adieu. The mansion rose white and fair in the sunshine, and never did its aspect seem more endearing than at this moment of surrendering it. A descent in the road soon hid it from view, and then the broad blue Hudson flashed on the sight, in all its glory. They soon reached the end of the avenue. The gate, which formed the southern boundary of the Eagleswood estate, was thrown open by some well-dressed children of the village, who courtesied and bowed ; and the next moment the coach was on the main road leading along the bank of the river to the city of New York.

For two or three miles the inmates of the coach seemed tacitly to sympathize in one another's grief. Emmeline, with one hand clasping her brother's, held her handkerchief to her eyes with the other; and Mrs. Maverick, contrary to her usual custom, was profoundly silent.

Happening to look out of the coach-window, Harry, to his surprise, saw Hotspur trotting along by the side of the vehicle as unconcernedly as if permission had actually been given him to visit the city. The fact was, that the dog had been consigned to the care of Ralph Armstrong, and shut up, lest if he followed the family to New York he might fall a victim to the dog-law, which at that time was enforced with rigor. Harry ordered the coachman to stop, and then directed Mingo to drive the dog back. Mingo obeyed, and, dismounting, began to remonstrate with Hotspur, much as he would with a human being, telling him that if the dog-killers "seed him in Broadway he would be a used up child before he was a day older,"—asking him if he wished to be made into "sassengers"—urging him to go home—and, finally, threatening him with the whip. To all these appeals, Hotspur was inexorable. He barked, as much as to say, "The dog-killers can't frighten this child." When Mingo attempted to beat him he would retreat, and then, as soon as the general's back was turned, crouch and creep along again after the coach.

At length the attempt to induce him to return home was abandoned as hopeless, and they drove on. Hotspur trotted patiently along; and after they had gone three or four miles, Harry ordered the coach to stop again, and opening the door, told

the dog to come in. Wriggling with delight like a snake, at the invitation, Hotspur gave a leap, and was at his master's feet, pawing about, and uttering a low yelp of gratification.

“Down, sir, down!” said Harry; and the dog quietly curled himself on the carpet at his feet, and resting his head on his forepaws, looked silently up in his master's face with eyes beaming with sagacity and affection. The coach drove on, and two hours afterward, the party reached the city.



## CHAPTER VIII.

“Are you in earnest? seize this very minute—  
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;  
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.”

GOETHE, translated by ANSTER.

ONE of the most disheartening experiences which a young man, who is thrown suddenly into the world's busy arena encounters, is the finding that humility of station and inoffensiveness of conduct are not always a security against the enmity and malevolence of his fellow-beings. More especially is the youth likely to meet with this experience in his career, if he have energy of character enough to pursue an independent course, and to abide rigidly by certain principles of action, which his reason and conscience have approved.

Warned by Mr. Wainbridge of one of the most perilous defects in his character, his pliability of temper, Henry Maverick had, by vigilance and resolution, reformed it altogether. Principle, and not impulse, was now his guide. The new responsibilities which had fallen upon him, tended to confirm and indurate those adopted traits, which he believed to be the constituents of manliness. At the age of seventeen he found himself in a great city, with a mother and sister, whose means united to his own were barely sufficient to obtain for them the necessaries of life. He felt that his

own intelligence must now direct him; and, though always willing to enlighten his opinions by the advice and suggestions of others, he was resolved, that if his little bark must be wrecked, it should not be through his intrusting the helm to another's hand, however that other might boast of his superior experience and skill.

It is this "power of not being acted upon" by others, which, though it may raise up enemies to us for a time, is, if accompanied by virtue and intelligence, almost certain, in the *long run*, to win for us success. Madame de Staël, in her delineation of Bonaparte, remarks, with her usual sagacity, that it was rather because other men did not act upon him, than because he acted upon them, that he became their master; and the moralist, who cites this example, adds: "The susceptibility of being acted upon unfits him, who is extremely subject to it, for success in active life."

Now it happened, that a day or two after the Mavericks had established themselves in their humble dwelling, which stood in one of those streets leading from the East River to the Bowery, they received a visit from Mr. Bloomwell, a merchant, who had known the family in their prosperity, and who now came with the honest intention of doing them a kindness. He was one of those men, however, who, though sincerely pious and religious, seem to fail, rather through a mental than a moral deficiency, in humility. Take his advice, follow his prescriptions, and he was your fast friend; but the moment you undertook to set up your judgment against his, and to question his infallibility, that moment he became, if not your foe, no longer your well-wisher. In this he violated,

though unconsciously, one of the foremost obligations of the faith which he venerated.

After indulging in some moral reflections, which seemed a little trite, upon the mutability of human affairs, Mr. Bloomwell disclosed the immediate object of his visit.

"I have pleasure, Mr. Henry," said he, "in informing you that I have secured to you the means of self-support, so that you need not infringe a cent upon the little annuity which should go to the support of your mother and sister."

The blood mounted a little in Harry's cheek as he replied: "Ah! to what do you refer?"

"Although you have not stayed out your whole term at college, and thereby obtained your degree, I have yet no doubt but that you are fully competent to discharge the duties of usher toward the smaller boys in a classical school."

"But, allow me"—

"Hear me out, Master Henry, if you please, without interruption. I have found precisely the place that will suit you, in my friend Dunder's school in Grand-street. The discharge of the duties will not occupy more than seven hours of your time a day, and you will have every Saturday afternoon to yourself. The salary will be three hundred dollars a year, and, if you give satisfaction, it will probably be increased when the usher above you goes away. There were several applicants for the situation, but the moment Dunder mentioned it to me, I said it would be just the thing for you, and secured it right off. How providential, that Dunder happened to speak to me about it!"

"Indeed, it was very thoughtful on your part,

sir, to think of my poor boy," said Mrs. Maverick, who was beginning to take her first lessons in humility in the strict school of experience.

Emmeline held back her needle a moment, and looked askance at her brother, to watch the effect of the communication upon him. The least sparkle of a smile played along his lips as he caught her glance. After waiting a moment, to be sure that he should not "interrupt" the officious friend, who was complacently expecting to be overwhelmed with protestations of gratitude, he replied:—

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Bloomwell, for the friendly and spontaneous interest which you seem to have taken in my affairs. I have fully decided, however, upon a course which will deprive me of the pleasure of availing myself of the arrangement you propose."

"Why, sir, what do you intend to do?" said the worthy merchant, almost starting from his seat with astonishment.

"I intend to devote myself to the study of the law."

"The law! why, how is this, Mrs. Maverick? As one of your late husband's principal creditors, I have had opportunities of informing myself thoroughly in regard to your means. They are barely sufficient to feed and clothe you and your daughter with common decency. Pray, how is your son to obtain the expensive education of a lawyer?"

"I will tell you, Mr. Bloomwell," said Harry; "for I believe something better than the motive of a vulgar curiosity prompts your inquiry. I have ascertained that I can pay for my education by copying law-papers."

"But you ought to support yourself, sir; and

you cannot do that and make yourself a lawyer at the same time. Come, Master Harry, you will have to come down a little in your notions. It will do very well for young men of expectations to study the law, but you should content yourself with some honest employment by which you can get an immediate living. As third usher, you will receive three hundred dollars, out of which you can lay by a hundred a year for a rainy day. Should you give satisfaction to your employer, and should the second usher die or be turned away, you will, perhaps, be promoted to his place, and get six hundred. The first usher gets twelve hundred. Think of that, sir! By industry and attention, you may in time get to be first usher. Do not indulge the foolish notion, Master Henry, that a lawyer's employment is more genteel than a school-master's. As an usher, you can pay your way, and lay by something. As a student at law, you will be an encumbrance to your family."

"Do not suppose, Mr. Bloomwell," replied Harry, after a pause, during which, by a severe effort, he subdued the irritability of his nature—"do not suppose that I entertain any foolish notions as to the *gentility* of this employment or of that. A young man, sir, who does not shrink from going to market in the day-time, and returning through the principal streets with a large basket of provender upon his arm, need not be accused of any such weakness. But my tastes and capacities lead me to prefer qualifying myself for a lawyer, to entering upon any other pursuit. Heaven forbid," continued Harry, as he thought of Mr. Wainbridge, "that I should even in thought disparage the teacher's vocation! It requires, how-

ever, qualities, moral and intellectual, and, I may add, constitutional, which I do not possess to that degree to inspire me with a confidence in my success. My inclination leads me unwaveringly to the study of the law. I thank you for your offer, but decline it positively."

"Your inclination will lead you, I dare say, my lad, into a plenty of pretty scrapes. But let no one say that I haven't done my duty by the family. Don't blame me when you find yourself ruined. Don't say that I didn't do my best to save you."

Harry bowed ; and Mr. Bloomwell, red with anger, took up his hat to depart.

"You have missed a fine chance, sir, of getting a comfortable living," continued Mr. Bloomwell, as he took hold of the handle of the door. "I suppose you will be going round to your father's friends before long with a subscription-paper for your relief. Don't come to me, sir. If you can't take my advice, don't come to me."

Again Harry bowed, slightly, but respectfully.

"This isn't the first time I have met with ingratitude," resumed the indignant visiter. "It isn't the first time, sir ; but we shall see the consequences of your headstrong, self-willed course."

Harry replied only with another of his frigid bows ; and Mr. Bloomwell, stifling his passion so far as to say, in no very amiable tones, "Good-by, madam!" quitted the house.

Now Bloomwell, Christian as he thought he was, went away positively inimical to Harry. He would have been gratified if he had heard soon afterward that the young man had been taken up for passing a counterfeit bill. He would then have had the satisfaction of saying—"I knew

just how it would be ; I predicted it!" And the pleasure of the compliment to his penetration would have outweighed the pain that he might otherwise have felt at a fellow-creature's lapse into sin. Oh, Bloomwell! if thou wouldst only look somewhat more closely into that complicate, badly-regulated little piece of mechanism, thy own heart, thou wouldst see that thou art far from being a saint.

Another incident, which happened a week or two afterward, showed Henry Maverick, by bitter experience, that integrity of purpose does not always ensure immediate favor and success in this world. He had succeeded in finding a lawyer, who, in consideration of his services as a copyist, was willing that he should read law in his office. Harry entered upon the study with assiduity and devotion ; and, though Mr. Twist was rather extortionate in his draughts upon the young student's time, yet, as the labors were of a character to initiate him in the practical forms of the profession, Harry always fulfilled them with cheerfulness. One day, as he went into Mr. Twist's room to return a deed that he had been copying, he found there Mr. Bloomwell and the elder Mr. Hardworth. Both seemed surprised at his appearance, though neither spoke to him. No sooner had he left the room, however, than Mr. Hardworth, who had been much exasperated, by his son's stories, against Harry, made an unfavorable remark concerning him to Mr. Twist. Mr. Bloomwell declared that, from his own experience, he had reason to believe that Mr. Hardworth was right in his estimate of the young man. Imboldened by this confirmation, Mr. Hardworth told Twist that

he ought not to have such a fellow in his office; and Twist thereupon promised that poor Harry should be forthwith dismissed.

Now Twist did not believe a word of what had been said against the young student. He considered Bloomwell to be wanting in common sense, and knew that Hardworth was capable of gratifying his prejudices at the expense of his honor and honesty. But Bloomwell had just confided a profitable case to his hands, and Hardworth had made him his agent in some important transactions. How could he even remotely offend such capital clients by neglecting their advice? The thing was not to be thought of; and so, the next day, Harry was notified that it was no longer convenient to Mr. Twist to have him remain in his office.

From Twist's own admissions, Harry learned to whom he was indebted for this notification. He felt the injustice of the act, for the lawyer had agreed that he should remain with him at least a year. And now another enemy was made—of Twist! For, be sure, that when a man has done you an injury or an injustice, he is ever afterward your enemy, simply because he knows that you have cause to be his.

Undismayed by rebuffs like this, Harry sought throughout the city to make an arrangement with some other lawyer, by which he could pay for his education by his services. Some told him that he was too young for the study; others, after questioning him, said they could not think of receiving a young man who had been dismissed by "brother Twist."

At length he knocked at a door, upon which was the sign: "LINLEY TRANE, ATTORNEY AND



COUNSELLOR AT LAW." A faint "Come in" was the reply to his knock, and entering, he found himself in a room filled with quite an extensive library of law books, and in the presence of a young man of rather a tall, uncouth figure, who sat in an arm-chair with his long legs curled about each other, and his uppermost foot swinging to and fro, while he held a heavy volume upon his knees. The face of the lawyer indicated habits of abstraction and study; for it was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." His dress was rather rusty, and his thick red hair looked as if he had the trick of sitting with his fingers run through it in front, while his elbow leaned upon the table.

"Do I speak to Mr. Trane?" inquired Harry, respectfully, taking off his hat.

Mr. Trane swung his foot with rapidly increasing impetuosity, and looked steadfastly in the questioner's face for nearly a minute, as if solving a problem. Then abruptly starting up, and dropping his book upon the floor in the movement, he pointed to a chair, and said, in hurried tones, and with rather a grotesque attempt at ease of manner, "Sit down—sit down, sir."

Harry obeyed the invitation; and the lawyer, with a nervous jerk of his body, resumed his seat, replaced his legs in their old position, and recommenced the oscillating motion of the uppermost one, which reminded Harry, by the looseness with which it swung, of the hammer of a flail, fastened by a thong of leather to the handle. After a brief silence, Mr. Trane stammered forth, with a blushing face: "Did you wish to—speak—with me, sir?"

"Here is a rare bird!" thought Harry—"a diffi-

dent lawyer! Is it possible?" There was something in the man's face, however, which inspired the observer with respect; intelligence, mingled with a child-like simplicity, meekness with intellectual vigor.

"I have come," said Harry, "to inquire if your business is such that I could be of any service to you as a copyist. I do not ask a remuneration in money, but merely wish the privilege of reading law under your supervision."

"Business!" stammered forth Mr. Trane; "O, yes—plenty of business—that is—no, not altogether—but hope to have—writs to fill, and—copying enough—too much work for you—ought to have a good salary—times may get better; but"—

And here the lawyer came to a full stop and blushed.

"I see," said Harry, rising, "you think you cannot afford to take me without the customary fees; that the state of your business is not such as to warrant it."

"Bless you, no, sit down, sit down," replied Mr. Trane, swinging his leg with unparalleled vigor and celerity. "I didn't mean"—

"Well?"

"Pray let me serve you, if I can."

There was a sincerity, a tenderness in the tone, with which the bashful lawyer uttered these simple words, that went to Harry's heart. They formed the first kind greeting that he had encountered in his rounds that day; and passing his hand hastily across his eyes, he laid down his hat, and again seated himself. The lawyer witnessed his emotion, and was painfully embarrassed by it. The swinging leg did yeoman's service for a mo-

ment or two, until Harry, taking pity upon the agitation of its owner, broke silence. He told his whole history plainly but eloquently, with a minuteness which seemed to excite intense interest in the mind of his listener. The swinging leg became as still as if paralyzed. The head was bent forward, in an attitude of the closest attention. The eyes filled with tears; and at the conclusion of the narrative, Mr. Trane abruptly rose, grasped his young visiter's hand, and shook it violently up and down as if he had hold of a pump-handle. His diffidence melted before the genial warmth of his heart, like a snow-wreath in the sun; and he exclaimed:

"How rejoiced I am you happened in here! Not many clients, but plenty of books! Jolly times we will have among them! Don't know a *soul* in this great city—am all-fired glad to see you—have had my shingle up six months, and but one client all that time—an old woman: she came to inquire where Lawyer Hall's office was. Give us your hand again."

Trane's story may be briefly told. He came to New York from a small village in Connecticut. Being entirely self-educated, and somewhat more ignorant of the world and its usages than a clever city lad of seven years of age, he found himself, to use a familiar phrase, like a cat in a strange garret. His external intercourse had, all his life, been with the plain, honest rustics of his native village, and he knew no other phraseology than theirs, for the purposes of ordinary conversation. But, living among his books the greater part of his time, he could at will retire into a society where high thoughts were moulded into felicitous lan-

guage, and where rusticity was unknown. Give him a pen, and he could converse like a Chesterfield. To judge him from his spoken language, you would say that he was ignorant of the commonest rules of grammar, as well as of polished life. He had devoted himself for more than ten years to the study of the law, having pursued it rather with the enthusiasm of a lover, than with the practical purposes of a tradesman. Having inherited an humble patrimony, he spent nearly the whole of it in the purchase of a library ; and, finally, mustering his courage, he removed to New York, and was admitted to the bar. He seemed constitutionally unfitted, however, for the active business of his profession. He could hardly look a strange client in the face ; and though armed with precedents upon every point of law, and possessing far more learning than half of the judges on the bench, his unconquerable bashfulness wholly incapacitated him as an advocate. The pertest pettifogger could abash and confound him ; for it is easy enough for a fool to ask more questions in a minute, than a wise man can answer in a lifetime.

Such was the individual under whose direction Henry Maverick now undertook the study of the law. With so competent an instructor, he made a thorough and rapid progress, becoming soon so deeply interested as to endanger his health by a too constant application. On he went, boldly and steadily, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left.

At home, affairs were managed with tolerable success. Mrs. Maverick's want of skill in financiering, and her confused notions of domestic

economy, occasionally involved the family in embarrassments; but Emmeline soon took the lead in household matters, and proved herself a frugal and discreet manager. In her leisure moments she executed embroidery-work for upholsterers, for which she received small sums. Mingo, who had served all his life as a groom, was found to be of little use in any employments within doors. He was finally so far instructed, however, as to relieve Harry of the trouble of doing the marketing. The most laborious part of the old negro's duties consisted in protecting Hotspur from the dog-killers.



## CHAPTER IX.

“ Oh, never despair ! for our hopes oftentimes  
Spring as swiftly as flowers in the tropical climes,  
Where the spot that was barren and herbless by night,  
Is waving with bloom in the morn's rosy light.”

SAMUEL LOVER.

THREE years have passed since the occurrence of the scenes described in our last chapter. And where now is Henry Maverick ? It is a cold and gusty day in winter. The snow is falling fast. It whirls through the streets, and forms around the corners in cone-like heaps ; and then it is tossed aloft by the eddying winds, and sifted, till its fine frozen particles feel like needles as they sweep in the face of the passer-by.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the city seems all astir. The shops are closed as if it were some great holyday. Merry groups of young men are buffeting the wind and the snow on every side. They go from house to house, ring the bell, enter, remain two or three minutes, sip, perhaps, a glass of wine, and then issue forth to pass through the same rapid ceremony elsewhere. Some are in carriages, and some in dashing phaetons. The ground is not yet quite fit for sleighing. From the highest to the humblest, all seem to be on pleasurable movements intent ; and the very fierceness of the blast and the blinding rush of the snow seem but to furnish additional subjects for hilarity and unchecked mirth.

It is the first of January, and all the male portion of the population of the city are paying visits. On this day, if there have been estrangements among families and friends, coldness or misunderstanding, an opportunity is afforded for reconciliation and the renewal of old ties. It is a day of privilege; a day when even misery must look up and smile, and poverty have good cheer. The custom is a pleasant one; but it seems to be confined to New York and Washington, among our American cities. Why is it not more generally adopted?

Said I that *all* are looking gay and happy on this occasion? Nay; there is one, a young man, who, as he breasts the keen blast, and tightens around him the folds of his old cloak, seems, if we may judge from his pale and anxious face, far from being on the way to make a visit of pleasure. Occasionally his lips move, as if pantomiming the utterance of some distressing thought; and then he throws open his cloak, as if the chilling wind were grateful to a breast which felt the hot warfare of griefs within. The passers-by do not notice him, for the snow falls thick, and they are occupied with their own gladdening anticipations; but, had a humane man observed his fine features, upon which the struggle of a great sorrow was reflected, I hope he would have been incited to inquire into the cause of the youth's affliction, with the purpose of alleviating it if in his power.

Crossing the Bowery from the direction of Broadway, the youth passed on through a street, in which the houses were small and dingy. But even here the festivities of the anniversary seemed to be faithfully observed. Hale-looking laborers,

young mechanics, and apprentices were hurrying from door to door; and, at the windows, might be seen now and then bright eyes shining through the dimming snow-flakes, the fair owners of which were evidently laughing at the busy movements of the lords of creation upon that stormy day. Arriving at length before one of the humblest domicils in the street, our pedestrian stopped a moment, shook the snow from his cloak, and knocked it from his feet, and then, rapping gently at the door, turned and looked up through the fleecy atmosphere as if he would seek for some last sign of hope in the freighted clouds that rolled overhead.

The door was soon opened by a female hand, and entering, he suffered himself to be disencumbered of his cloak and hat by the attendant. He then passed into a small room, whither she followed. A few thin pine sticks upon the hearth appeared to have been just kindled into a blaze, for the room was cold and damp. The young man, however, did not seem to regard this, for he sank into a chair in a corner of the room distant from the fire, and leaning his elbows upon a painted pine table, which formed one of the most important articles of furniture in the apartment, dropped his forehead upon his hands and was still. The female who had entered was young, not more than sixteen, apparently. She was dressed in a dark calico gown, without ornaments of any kind. Her hair, which was of a rich brown, was plainly parted and drawn up behind, displaying a small but finely-shaped head, with features delicate, but strongly and beautifully outlined, dark eyes, full of a deep and earnest expression, and a complex-



ion unblemished and pure, though, for the moment, a little pale. Her figure was not above the ordinary height, slim, but not wanting the developments of health and grace.

Placing a chair before the fire, she moved toward the table, and gently displacing the hands of the young man from his forehead, led him to the seat she had prepared.

“Your hair is wet, Harry, and your collar. There are snow-flakes yet on your neck. I will get a brush and a napkin. You have exposed yourself too much.”

And so saying, the maiden tripped out of the room, and immediately returning, brushed the drops from his thick locks, and wiped dry his cheeks and neck. Then, with an arm thrown round his shoulders, she looked a moment in his face, and, with her soft fingers putting back the heavy moist curls from his forehead, kissed him, and said:—

“What is the matter, Harry? has anything happened?”

“I have met with no success,” replied Henry Maverick: “the pawnbrokers’ shops are all closed. How is mother?”

“Decidedly better. The fever is decreasing; and I left her in a mild sleep.”

“Get your thick shawl, my dear, and wrap round you, and I will talk with you. It is chilly.”

Emmeline obeyed; and kneeling with one hand upon her brother’s knee, while with the other she replaced, from time to time, the scanty brands as they fell upon the hearth, she gave him her attention.

“I have not yet told you, Emmeline, of my adventures yesterday. Well! I called first on old

Van Rapp at his counting-room. For, seeing it stated in the newspapers that he had given two hundred dollars the week before to Madame Carolli, the famous Italian cantatrice, for singing a couple of songs at his last great party, I foolishly imagined that he might be generous in other things. Besides, Van Rapp had known our father, and was, as you remember, at the fête which we had at Eagleswood on my fourteenth birth-day. After waiting for nearly an hour, I obtained an audience. He did not recognise me until I told my name, and then he did not seem much pleased at the recognition. I briefly told him what I wanted, which was, that he should lend me two hundred dollars upon my acceptance and promise to repay with interest, the moment I had the ability. I informed him of our losses by the fire last year—of my want of success in obtaining a profitable employment, compatible with my studies, and finally, of mother's illness. On looking up, after narrating these things, I found him reading a newspaper with his eyeglass. Without saying a word he went to his desk, took out two half-eagles, and pushing them toward me, said: 'There, young man! it is a very sad case, no doubt; but that is the best I can do for you.' I did not fling them in his face, Emmeline. Nay—and I blush as I think of it—so far did a consciousness of our necessities constrain me, that I said: 'You will allow me to give my acceptance for this sum?' He replied, in a surly tone: 'Humbug! I want none of your acceptances.'—'Then I want none of your money,' I said, and left the counting-room. As I stood at the top of the stairs, pressing my forehead to recall where I had intended to go next, I heard this

man of wealth say: 'Ten dollars saved, is ten dollars earned. I hear that boy of Maverick's is a worthless young dog, proud and lazy as an Indian in harvest-time. We shall hear of him in some bad scrape yet, for he looked me in the eye as if'—I did not listen to the conclusion, but darted into the street."

"And on whom, brother, did you call next?"

"You will be surprised to hear. I called on Mr. Bloomwell. I remembered his exhibition of anger at the time I declined taking his advice in regard to the ushership at Mr. Dunder's school, but I believed him to be a conscientious and pious man, and that he would, from principle, if not from inclination, forgive me for disappointing him in the arrangement he had then made for me. As I entered his counting-room, he looked up from the desk at which he was writing, and I fancied that I saw a gleam of satisfaction flit across his face, as, laying down his pen, he said: 'Mr. Maverick, I believe?' I bowed, and, drawing near, began to communicate the request I had made to Van Rapp. As the object of my visit dawned upon him, Bloomwell fairly rubbed his hands with exultation, and when I concluded, he rose, and pacing the room, exclaimed: 'I knew it would come to this at last! I knew it! Didn't I predict it? Aren't you repenting in sackcloth and ashes not having taken my advice? Look here, Craig, and you, Thomas, and you, Peter,' continued he, addressing an old clerk and two younger ones: 'Now, Mr. Maverick, have the goodness to tell, for the benefit of these young men, what I advised you three years ago, and how everything has turned out as I said it would, from your not taking my advice.'—'I will

bid you a very good morning, Mr. Bloomwell,' said I, folding my cloak about me with a Cato-like air, and leaving the room, without waiting to see the effect of my remark. Notwithstanding the bitter sense of poverty, I could not but smile at the old gentleman's eagerness to claim prophetic honors."

"He wanted to hold you up in the light of a culprit, Harry. I think you treated him as you ought to have done. What followed?"

"I went to the west end of the town, with the intention of calling on Mrs. Sumpter, who used once to try to persuade me that I was a great favorite of hers. When I was in the city just before commencing my studies at Cambridge, she would manage to make me appear in Broadway with Marian Sumpter almost every day. Well: I reached the steps of her splendid mansion. My heart failed me as I thought upon my object. Ah, Emmeline! it is a bitter, bitter thing to ask a favor, where you are not sure that it will be granted. As I stood endeavoring to reconcile myself to the task, a carriage stopped before the door, and the steps being let down by a footman, a young man of foreign aspect, with enormous moustaches, and a muff daintily strung on one wrist, issued from the interior and handed out a lady. The young man was Augustus Ermine, and the lady my old friend Marian. They are probably engaged. This trifling circumstance decided me against calling; and the best of the day being wasted, I returned home. Emmeline! slightly as I have hurried over these little incidents, they have made me older than years of ordinary life could do. I cannot, cannot beg! I would rather die. A stifling, choking sensation comes over me as I attempt the utterance

of importunity. My heart sickens. My head whirls ; and I feel as though I should go mad. And yet this life of penury ! These sad privations ! This cold hearth ! The small duns that beset our door ! Torture !”

“Nay, Harry, dear, dear brother ! all will yet be well. You shall not be any more subjected to these humiliations. If they be necessary, it shall be for me to bear them. Are all our resources at an end ? Does Mr. Trane know your wants ? Have you consulted with him ?”

“With him ? Poor fellow ! He lives upon a ship-biscuit and a bowl of milk a day ; sleeps on the sofa in his office ; and wears the clothes which were made for him in Connecticut ten years ago, when he was a foot shorter. He has had but three clients since I have been with him—now more than three years—and to those he lent money, after giving them legal advice gratuitously. Were I to mention my necessities to him, I verily believe he would sell even his books to aid me, though parting with them would break his heart. No ! I cannot intimate a suspicion of my wants to him. Try again, Emmeline.”

“Do you remember, the day we left Eagleswood, your telling me”—

“Hark ! There is a rap at the door. It must be that unhappy-looking apothecary’s boy with his bill again. He will be the death of me. I could once look boldly in the face of any man, whether prince or peasant. Now I am abashed before a sickly boy. He raps again. Go, Emmeline, and tell him—No, no ! Do not treat him with unkindness—poor lad !—it is his vocation. And melancholy enough it must be to be sent out in such

weather on so forlorn an errand—we may spare him our harsh words!”

Before Harry had finished giving vent to these gloomy anticipations, Emmeline had opened the door. A ruddy-cheeked little girl, comfortably clad, thrust in her head, which was almost hidden in a thick black hood, well powdered with snow, and presenting Emmeline a light packet, carefully enclosed in paper, and neatly pinned, exclaimed: “O, Miss Emmeline, I wish you a happy new year. Here’s something for you.”

“Is it you, Susan Dale? A happy new year, my dear. Come in, and”—Emmeline would have added “dry your feet,” but a regard to veracity compelled her to cut short her invitation, as she looked in at the dying embers on the hearth.

“Oh, no, Miss Emmeline—not now. Such fun as we are having at our house! Uncle Moses has come. He is a gardener, and brought those flowers from his hot-house to mother; and says she, I’ll send them to Miss Emmeline, who is so fond of them, and who taught Sue the pretty songs she sings; and, says she, Sue, tell Miss Emmeline I shall be proud and happy to see her over here, for I know she makes allowances for plain folks. And, says uncle Moses, Run, Sue, and be back before I can kiss you twice. And here I am, Miss Emmeline; and now you must come along with me. Such lots of lemonade and cake! O my!”

With such velocity did the little creature deliver her message, that she was quite out of breath at the close. Emmeline stooped down, kissed her fresh, cool cheek, and telling her to thank mamma and Uncle Moses for the bouquet, and to express her regret that she could not come over, she open-

ed the door for her, and saw her spring off into the snow and run home like a young antelope.

“Does this look like anything from an apothecary’s shop, brother?” said Emmeline, as she removed the paper, and disclosed a rare collection of hot-house flowers. “What a beautiful japonica! And the roses, and the geranium, how fragrant! And here are laurel, and laurustinus, and orange-blossoms, and myrtle, and eglantine—is it not a sweet new year’s present from little Susan—a present of good omen?”

They were the first that Emmeline had seen for long, long months, and as she gazed on them with a little of her old girlish delight, and remembered the happy hours she used to spend in the greenhouse at Eagleswood, something very like a tear glistened in her eye; but it sprang from tenderness rather than from regret.

“They will freeze and wither in this cold room, Emmeline. How the snow sifts against the window-sills!”

“I will take them up stairs into mother’s chamber. They are so fresh they must be wholesome. She loves flowers.” And so saying, Emmeline quitted the apartment, but soon returned, and said: “She is sleeping tranquilly, and seems much better than she was yesterday. Sally is with her. To come back to what we were talking about, Harry. Have you forgotten the offer of the honest butcher, who”—

“Another knock! That must certainly be the apothecary’s boy. I thought he would come at last.”

“A wager it is not the apothecary’s boy,” said Emmeline, as she ran to open the front door.

She was right in her anticipation: But who

may these visitors be? One is a stout, round-faced yeoman, wearing a thick blanket-cloth sur-tout, with big pearl buttons; and the other is a well-grown lad, dressed in much the same style, and formed after much the same model. They are Sim Lewis, the butcher, and his son John.

"Perhaps you don't remember me, Miss Maverick," said Sim; "but I can recollect you from the time you were so high. I am Sim Lewis, that used to bring meat to Eagleswood, and this is John Lewis, my son."

Turning round as he concluded this speech, Sim saw, much to his indignation, that John, with his hat still on, was staring as if bewildered at Miss Maverick. Taking him by the ear, the father exclaimed: "John Lewis! when will you learn manners, John Lewis? Pick up your hat, John Lewis. A green lad, miss, but he has never seen much of city life. And how is Mister Henry? And how's your ma'am?"

Emmeline was moved to an almost superstitious surprise at this encounter. She had just been upon the point of reminding Harry of the worthy butcher's offer of assistance on their leaving Eagleswood. And before she had fully given utterance to the thought, the very man, whom she had not seen for more than three years, stood before her! Pointing to some nails, whereon they might hang their wet outside garments, she threw open the parlor door, and said: "Brother Harry, here is our old friend Lewis, with his son."

"Master Harry, it is good for sore eyes to see you again," said Sim, advancing to receive Harry's cordial greeting; "this is John Lewis, my son—my son, John Lewis—can't you shake hands, John





Lewis or order the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, as soon as convenient."

Harry, for a full minute, could only reply to this delicate piece of generosity by covering his eyes, and remaining silent.

"Come, come, Mister Henry," said Sim; "it is no great affair after all, and I am pretty sure I shall be the gainer in the end; so you see it is a bit of a speculation on my part—selfishness, pure selfishness—note-shaving and all that sort of thing. You see I don't want to have my money lying idle, and so—ha, ha, ha!—isn't it so, Miss Emmeline?" And Sim very strangely concluded his jocularities, by taking out his great calico pocket handkerchief, and wiping his eyes.

"Lewis, I accept your generous proffer," said Harry; "for I confidently anticipate being able to repay the loan; but the kindness, the generosity, which prompted it—they cannot be repaid by gold. The only coin which can be returned for them is gratitude, respect, affection, and these are yours already. We are truly in extreme need, as you seem to be aware. Last winter we lost by fire all our furniture, and some articles of jewellery, to which we had looked forward as a resort in a moment of exigence. Long before that, we had been obliged to break in upon the little capital which had been invested for us. Three or four months since, our mother was taken seriously ill, and we have paid heavy doctor's bills for her treatment. Gradually our resources have failed, until yesterday, after paying the rent that was due for the last quarter, I found our funds so low, that I was obliged to suffer a load of wood to be carri-

ed away after I had ordered it, because I was unable to pay for it in cash. Well, Lewis; I thought I would call upon some of the rich gentlemen, whom, in our prosperity, we thought friends, and ask them to loan me a hundred or two dollars upon my note. I called on two, for whom I knew my father had often raised thousands of dollars at a time, and made known my request. You have anticipated the result. Yes; one of them refused me, and the other was impertinent. But how glad I am to be under obligations to you rather than to them! Ah, Lewis! Worth is better than wealth—ay, and richer—it feels richer, and does more generous deeds. Next month, Lewis, I shall be admitted to practise at the bar, and then I hope to begin to make a living.”

“Never worry about this little matter,” said Sim, handing over a roll of bills; “there’s a plenty more of the same kind in the Butchers’ and Drovers’! Take your leisure as to paying it back. The longer the interest runs on, the better for me.”

Harry signed the note, and, as he did so, remarked: “But, tell me, Lewis, how you happened to find out that we were in want. Did Mingo tell you?”

“Far from it. The fact is, there’s a clerk of old Bloomwell’s at the house where I’m stopping, and, as I have made it a point to inquire of your whereabouts of everybody I met, I happened to ask him last night if he knew you, and he told me about the scene in the counting-room; and then, as luck would have it, this morning I met the general. But where’s John Lewis? By the way, Mr. Harry, John Lewis is to open a provision-store

round the corner next week, and you must do me the favor to buy your feed of him. He can charge it all to my account, you know, and we can settle for it three or four years hence."

"Lewis, you are placing me under endless obligations."

"Oh, no—no such thing! Besides, what if I am? A'n't I the gainer? But here comes John Lewis!"

Looking out of the window, Harry saw a large hand-sled, pulled by a man, followed by John Lewis, stop before the door. It was filled with wood, nicely split, which, under the direction of John Lewis, was soon transferred to the little dark closet under the entry stairs. Harry and Emmeline could only look at each other and then at the worthy butcher; and, as they did so, the eyes of all three filled with tears, which told for two of them more eloquent thanks than all the fine phrases which language could frame. As for Sim, he almost blubbered, although he tried to make it appear as if he were laughing all the while; ordering about John Lewis, and occasionally cuffing him to give vent to his surplus emotion.

A merry, bright fire was soon blazing on the hearth, imparting an aspect of rare cheerfulness to the little room—the more grateful because of the snow-storm without. Emmeline went up stairs to see how her mother was, and returned with the agreeable news that she had waked up, and was wonderfully better, and had insisted that her daughter should go down in the parlor to entertain their friends. The small party drew up their chairs around the cheerful blaze.

"And how are all the good people of the vil-

lage, Lewis?" asked Harry. "How is Mr. Wainbridge? and how is Ralph Armstrong?"

"Why, Mr. Wainbridge, I'm afraid, is but poorly, sir. They say he has heard from England of his wife's having married an English lord, and of his daughter's being sent to France to a convent. He sent out by one of the steamships last summer a thousand dollars, which he had saved to get his family over to this country, but little good has it done, for he has heard nothing about it since, until the other day the news came that the money had been accepted, but that the woman was to be married again."

"Poor Wainbridge! I fear the sad news will unman him quite; but I hope it will prove untrue. It must be untrue, if his wife is the woman he has described to me," said Harry.

"Oh, I have no doubt it is untrue," added Emmeline.

"He is very anxious to go out to England to inquire into the state of things, I believe," added Lewis; "but he hasn't the means quite yet. His scholars have dropped off one by one, and he finds money come in slowly. The poor man's health seems to be giving way under his anxiety."

"How I wish that I could assist him!" sighed Emmeline.

"As for Ralph Armstrong," resumed Lewis, "he has got a place on the Mohawk and Hudson railroad. He attends to the locomotives—cleans them out—and tinkers them when they want mending."

"Ralph deserves a better place, and he will have it yet, I do not doubt, as soon as his employers find out his talents," said Harry.

“Mary Brudenel—is she well?” asked Emmeline.

“Yes, and as pretty as ever,” answered Sim. “They do say that poor Ralph is over head and ears in love with her, but I am thinking he aims too high.”

“A young man of Ralph’s worth cannot aim too high,” said Harry.

“And how do the Hardworths get on at Eagleswood?” inquired Emmeline.

“Oh, very fast indeed,” replied Lewis, laughing: “Master Ravenstone, having nothing else to do, has managed to quarrel with almost everybody in the village, and as ma’ and pa’ take his part, there is not much love felt for any of them. You remember the old summer-house just back of the new one? Well: he has covered the floor with tanners’ bark, and turned it into a cock-pit; and such a set of rowdies, with long hair plastered over the left eye, and big whiskers, as he brings up with him every week from the city, you never saw at a race-course. One of them—a count Fiddle Faddle, or some such name—is said to be going to marry Miss Arabella. He wears curls down his neck like a woman, and a tuft on his chin; and looks to me just like that fellow who was tried last year for forgery, and sent to Sing-Sing.”

As Harry was musing upon the news that Lewis had been communicating, another knock was heard at the door.

“Is that the apothecary’s boy, think you?” asked Emmeline, archly.

“If it be, pray ask him in to warm himself,” said Harry, smiling; “for, thanks to Lewis, I can

now not only pay the lad his bill, but give him a shilling for his trouble."

The door was opened, and a young man, who was *not* the apothecary's boy, inquired for Mr. Henry Maverick.

"Walk in, sir—my brother is in the parlor—let me take your cloak," said Emmeline, who had never before seen the visitor.

The young stranger bent a quick-scanning gaze upon her, and started, much as Benjamin West might have done, when he first saw the statue of the Apollo. There was something professional in his rapid but admiring survey of her face and figure.

"Do not trouble yourself, Miss Maverick. Let my cloak and cap lie here. What a snow-storm!"

Emmeline threw open the parlor door; and another guest was added to the circle.



## CHAPTER X.

"Make fast the doors; heap wood upon the fire;  
Draw in your stools, and pass the goblet round;  
And be the prattling voice of children heard.  
Now let us make good cheer."

HENRY TAYLOR.

THE new comer was a youth, who, to judge from his appearance, had not seen more than eighteen winters. His clothes were homely in their fabric, but he seemed to wear them with a nameless grace. In stature he was slightly below the ordinary height, and compactly and symmetrically framed. His features had that charm, which springs from intelligence and frankness; and their outline, though not so healthfully filled out as it had been and might be again, was, if not handsome, marked with character and spirit.

"You have forgotten me, Mr. Maverick?" said the youth, advancing and extending his hand.

"Indeed, I cannot at this moment recall where or when I have seen you; but you are welcome nevertheless."

"Have I then altered so much in four years?"

"Ah! now you turn to the light, I trace a familiar cast of features. But it was a lady, to whom—excuse my dulness. It is Theodore Clare!"

"The same."

"You are heartily welcome. This, Theodore, is my sister; a clever girl enough, named Emme-



line—and this is my friend, Mr. Lewis—and this, Mr. Lewis junior.”

Emmeline did not refuse the hand that was eagerly proffered by the youth, in ratification of the acquaintance.

It is a habit, peculiar to Americans, to shake hands when they are introduced; and Sim Lewis was always forward to do honor to a national custom. “Servant, sir—happy to know you,” said he, extending what he was wont to call his “flipper,” and grasping Theodore’s hand till it felt as if squeezed in a vice. Fearing that the habit might run in the family, and that Mr. Lewis junior might give him an equally hard grip, Theodore was careful to get the advantage of an outside hold, and then shook hands with an energy which made Mr. John Lewis, in spite of his tough muscles, wince and bend with the pressure.

“How you have grown since I saw you, Theodore! I should not have known you except through your likeness to your sister.”

Why did a slight, internal sigh, imperceptible to all but himself, rise from Harry’s breast as he uttered this allusion? He had passed hardly two days, in his life, with the Clares—had not seen Ellen more than three or four different times—and had not heard of the family for more than three years. But now, all intervening memories, whether dark or bright, rolled up out of sight, like a vaporous curtain, and disclosed vividly to his spiritual eyes the little cottage at Capeville, standing in the light of a fresh summer morning—the green fields and the waving trees—and Ellen Clare, with the plaid scarf about her shoulders, and the simple straw bonnet falling back from her head, and

in her hand the basket of strawberries which she had been gathering. Then he saw her in another mood. He recalled the circumstances of his last visit to her home—the arrival of the messenger with sad news—the hasty and melancholy farewell to the family—and Ellen's last glance of sympathy, regret, and—might he add, a still tenderer emotion? No! It was insane vanity to attribute it to her. How full of maiden propriety, dignity, and hospitality had been her demeanor!

“Your mother and Edwin are well, I hope?” continued Harry. “And Ellen—she, I suppose, is—married by this time?”

Harry's smile, as he put the last interrogatory, was a decided failure.

“My mother, I am sorry to say,” replied Theodore, casting down his eyes, “is no more among us; she left this life about two years since, having contracted a mortal fever from attendance in the sick chamber of a dying friend. Edwin, soon after graduating at Cambridge, accepted a promising invitation to go out to Canton as clerk for Cushwin & Co. Did you not have a letter from him before he left?”

“No.”

“I am quite sure he wrote you. We have not heard from him now, for almost eighteen months. As for Ellen”—

Harry here moved his chair a little toward the speaker.

“She is still single, and, I have reason to believe, quite well.”

From the conversation which then ensued, and which was resumed, at intervals, during the day and evening, Harry learned further, that the Clares

had lost their little property through the failure of a bank ; that they had been obliged to give up the cottage, and it was now occupied by a respectable old Methodist clergyman, named Williams, in whose family Ellen boarded. She supported herself by braiding straw for bonnets. For nearly three years, Theodore had been in the employment of Messrs. Savill & Dunn, carvers and gilders, near India wharf in Boston. On account of his superior skill in executing carved work he had received liberal wages, which, at Ellen's instigation, he saved up with the view of visiting Italy, for the purpose of studying the art of sculpture. At length he found a good opportunity of sailing for Leghorn. The owner of the brig "John Hancock," was willing to have him pay for his passage by carving a new figure-head for the vessel ; and, in this way, Theodore had saved a principal item in his contemplated expenses. The brig was to take in a part of her cargo at New York, and thus was his present visit accounted for. On the day of his departure from Boston, Ellen had insisted upon adding a hundred dollars to his little hoard—an amount which she had saved from the earnings of two years. She had also given him Henry Maverick's address in New York—a piece of information which she had obtained from a letter written by Harry, shortly after leaving Eagleswood, to Edwin.

As soon as these particulars had been elicited from Theodore Clare, Mr. John Lewis was seen to take from his coat-pocket a huge slice of gingerbread, and begin gnawing upon it with intense relish.

“John Lewis! John Lewis! I am ashamed of you,” said Sim, twitching him by the coat.

“Why, dad, I’m hungry,” muttered John Lewis, opening his eyes till they seemed almost as big as saucers.

“‘Dad!’ how often have I told you not to call me *dad*, you big, overgrown booby? A pretty fellow you to set up a provision-store! Why, one would think, to see you go into that gingerbread with such a looseness, that you hadn’t been weaned, John Lewis!”

“Indeed, Lewis,” exclaimed Harry, “it is no wonder that John is hungry; for it is past three o’clock, and I had forgotten to make any arrangements for dinner. But sit still, and hear what I have to propose. We will have dinner here. Emmeline shall cook for us. I hear Mingo down stairs talking to Hotspur. He shall go and get us some oysters and celery, and a tender-loin of beef, and then, with what we have in the house, we shall make out bravely. What say you, mistress cook?”

“I will do my best, your worship,” replied Emmeline, with mock humility; and, receiving some money from Harry, she went to fulfil his directions.

The moment John Lewis, who was extravagantly fond of oysters, heard that word mentioned, he thrust his gingerbread back into his pocket, and remarked, with unwonted animation, that “oysters and tender-loin was a good dinner enough for a governor—and *no* mistake.”

How shall I do justice, by an attempt at description, to that simple, but happy—happy feast? Were I to tell how many good things were said—

how the fair cook was complimented and toasted in goblets overflowing with cold water fresh from the pump—how Sim Lewis declared that the stewed oysters were the “primest” he had ever tasted—how John Lewis, looking slyly at his “dad,” expressed a wish, that certain folks, who set up for butchers, would only have half as good tender-loins to sell—how Sim told him that he would rub his face in the snow that night when they went home—how John Lewis retorted, by boasting that he could whip his “dad”—how Emmeline laughed, and how John Lewis, encouraged by such a sign of approbation, began to think himself a great wag and the life of the company—how Theodore, in order to undeceive him, told a Yankee story, which made John and his father choke so with laughter as to be obliged to turn away from the table—how Hotspur, now venerable in years, was let into the room and fed, and then permitted to curl himself up on the rug—and how John Lewis declared that they were “having a first-rate time:”—were I to chronicle all these things, I say, with proper minuteness and fidelity, a volume would hardly be sufficient for the purpose.

The dinner-cloth and the plates were removed by Mingo, and then a clean waiter was placed upon the table, with tea and cake, the appearance of which was a signal for renewed hilarity.

After tea, Emmeline was unanimously called upon for a song, whereupon she gave “Rory O’-More,” which was received with such immense applause, as roused even old Hotspur from his nap and set him to barking. John Lewis then called for a sentimental song; and Emmeline

sang "A place in thy memory, dearest;" at which he seemed much delighted. To be sure, there was no accompaniment for her voice. Her harp and piano had been sold long since; but she had in her throat a finer organ than either; and she had cultivated it with great success. Theodore, who was a good judge of music, thought he had never heard a ballad more sweetly sung.

The "sentimental song," as John Lewis termed it, having produced a check to gayety, Henry Maverick called upon the worthy butcher for one in a different vein; and Sim complied. You should have heard him in "Scotland's burning;" or the "Three Blind Mice;" for he completely electrified his audience, and made the very plates rattle applause. The pieces, to be sure, were not intended for one voice, but it was found all sufficient on this occasion. Unwilling to be outshone by his "dad," John Lewis produced a jew's-harp, and played some tunes in quite a skilful manner, so that he received a due share of very sincere commendation from his hearers.

A contribution to the amusements of the evening being now expected from Theodore, he took from his pocket a little morocco case and handed it to Harry; who, on opening it, found it to contain a medallion profile in plaster of Ellen Clare—a specimen of Theodore's own handiwork. Both Harry and Emmeline had a natural taste for the beautiful in art, and it seemed as if they could not too enthusiastically express their admiration of this gem. There was genius in every line. It was, moreover, a faithful likeness of the original. So reluctant did Harry seem to part with it, that Theodore finally desired him to keep it, saying

that he had a duplicate copy. The gift was accepted with alacrity.

And now the clock struck nine, and our little party prepared to break up. A "happy new year" was, for the fiftieth time, wished all round; and then the butcher and his son, putting on their big coats, bade their friends good night, with many a promise to call soon again. Theodore expected to sail in two or three days. He now wished that the delay might be extended to weeks; and his eyes seemed to say so, as he reluctantly let go his clasp of Emmeline's hand, and followed the Lewises into the snow-covered street. What strange, and new, and thrilling emotions had he that evening experienced! Ah, Theodore! I fear it is not simply with the eye of an artist that you regard Miss Maverick.

As a faithful chronicler, I may as well add in this place, that Theodore called the next morning, and invited Emmeline to visit a fine collection of old paintings exhibiting in Barclay-street. She assented; for her mother was now so well as not to require her attendance. It was a cold, sun-bright morning; and the frosted rime glittered as if the ground had been Macadamized with diamonds. The merry jingle of the sleigh-bells was sounding on all sides. Huge "omnibuses" on runners were dashing along Broadway, filled with gay passengers. All was animation, glitter, and activity.

At the exhibition-room, Emmeline met several persons, with whom she had once been acquainted. Among them was a party, whom she had met at Eagleswood, consisting of the Misses Danton, Mr. and Miss Van Rapp, Miss Sumpter, and Mr. Er-

mine. Ravenstone Hardworth was also present. He at once recognised Miss Maverick, and pointed her out to his companions. The *ladies* thereupon levelled their eye-glasses at her in a very ill-bred manner; but she and Theodore were by this time so lost in admiration of a fine garden scene by Watteau as to be wholly unconscious of the titter which was intended for their ears. Theodore was in his element; and Emmeline shared largely in his enthusiasm. Both thought the forenoon, which they passed among the paintings, too brief.

On going on board the "John Hancock" that afternoon, Theodore learned that she was to sail early the next morning, and that he must be on board that night. Sorrowfully he bent his way toward the house of the Mavericks, and sorrowfully did he take his leave of Emmeline.

"I have a great favor to ask of you," said he, at parting.

"What is it?"

"Give me that little curl, that is going astray down your cheek. I want it as an amulet. I am sure it will keep me safe and pure."

Emmeline blushed; and her heart beat quick and strong. But she at once recovered her self-possession; and, going to the glass, severed the lock with a pair of scissors, and gave it to Theodore, remarking, with a smile, that faith often fulfilled its own prophecies; and that, if he believed the curl would prove a charm against evil, he had already done much toward making it one. Then, predicting his success in the art to which he was to devote himself, and wishing him a prosperous voyage, she bade him "God speed." And Theodore, with many good resolutions, high aspirations,



and tender hopes succeeding one another in his mind, hurried along the bank of the river toward the brig, and embarked for Italy.



## CHAPTER XI.

“ If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive ;  
If from the soul the language does not come,  
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts  
Of hearers, with communicated power,  
In vain you strive—in vain you study earnestly.”

GOETHE, *translated by* ANSTER.

THE period to which Henry Maverick had long looked forward with anxious but resolute feelings—to attain which, he had confined his zeal and his efforts to one exclusive study and pursuit, enduring many privations, and foregoing many enjoyments, with an unfaltering spirit—had now arrived. He was admitted to practise at the bar, and to call himself a lawyer. And with a sagacity which looked to a mutual advantage, he had entered into partnership with Mr. Trane, and set up his sign over the door of that gentleman's office. He was well aware, however, that supineness and inactivity were not the steps of advancement. He resolved to make himself heard and known in the community. He had long practised extemporaneous speaking in private, and had complete confidence in his promptitude, fluency, and command of language. Had he the self-possession requisite to address a public assembly?—to keep his ideas properly marshalled for utterance in the presence of a large audience? He was resolved to try. One failure or twenty should not discourage him. He well knew that there was

no faculty more easily attainable by practice, than that of speaking in public. The novelty of the thing might embarrass him at first. The formality of "rising and attracting the eyes of a crowd, and continuing to speak while everybody else was silent," might confound and discommode him; but he was conscious, that if he had anything worth hearing to communicate; any great controverted truths, which he felt strongly himself, and desired to impress upon others—he had nothing to fear. If there were ideas, the words would follow. Nay; Maverick had seen, in attending the public meetings of the various political parties of the city, how often a speaker managed to get along frequently without any ideas, by dint of mere verbiage and assurance.

The question of an expensive enterprise to supply the city with fresh spring water, by means of an aqueduct, that should rival the proudest works of antiquity in stupendous magnificence, was at that time in agitation, and a public meeting of citizens had been called for its consideration. Many wealthy holders of real estate were hostile to the undertaking, inasmuch as they feared it would involve a burden of taxation, of which they would have to bear a heavy proportion. The poorer classes, however, felt the importance of having a supply of pure, fresh water, and were pretty generally in favor of the measure. But they were not yet fully aroused to a sense of its value, and its friends began to apprehend that the opposition brought to bear by the estate-holders would arrest it for the present. The meeting now called was looked to with anxiety, as it was believed to have been arranged by the enemies of

the enterprise, for the purpose of directing public opinion in favor of its indefinite postponement.

The important evening was at hand. During the afternoon, Harry and Emmeline had taken a walk up Broadway as far as Union Place. Harry had been silent and abstracted the whole distance. Occasionally his lips would move, and a hasty gesticulation would indicate that he was revolving some topic of more than ordinary interest.

"What possesses you, Harry?" asked his sister. "Here I have put a question to you five times, and you have paid no more attention to it than if you had been that pump at the corner."

"Excuse me, sister. I was thinking about making a speech to-night at Masonic Hall."

"A speech!" exclaimed Emmeline—and her heart leaped almost into her mouth. "How I wish I could be there to hear you! But will it not require a vast deal of courage, Harry?"

"Not exactly *courage*, I suspect. The little tinker in our street, who is so afraid of his wife as to let her box his ears with impunity, is quite a doughty orator at some of our ward-meetings. He will spout you by the hour together—and such brave words!—such a valorous pummelling of the table with his fists! And yet we can hardly call Dick Dwindle a man of courage. Assurance is, perhaps, the fitter word."

"But on what subject do you intend to speak? How anxious I shall be to hear of your success!"

"Cold water is my theme. Had ever poet or orator a more inspiring one? Ah, Emmeline! you and I have lived among poor folks long enough in this great city to have every sympathy of our nature awakened in this cause. We have seen

how uncleanness and vice beget each other, and how intemperance often finds for itself a not invalid excuse in the scarcity and impurity of the limpid element."

"It is very true. And how often last summer I used to sigh for a draught from the cool, crystal spring, which bubbles forth close by the summer-house at Eagleswood !"

They had by this time reached the street in which they lived.

"Here we are, at home, Emmeline ! They are lighting the street-lamps. I must go ; for I would be in season at the hall. Tell mother all about it ; and have a cup of tea ready for me when I return. I shall probably be back by ten."

"Be sure and recollect everything that happens, that we may have a full account of it from your own lips. I am sure, quite sure, dear Harry, that you will succeed. God be with you !"

Harry hastened across the Bowery, along Grand-street, and down Broadway, until he reached Masonic Hall. Lights were gleaming from the windows, and people were pouring in at the door and up stairs into the large room, in considerable numbers. He joined the current, and soon found himself in the centre of the hall. At the further end was a raised platform, with a table and chairs for the president, vice-presidents, and secretaries of the meeting, and a space reserved for the speakers.

It was speedily apparent to Harry, as the meeting filled up, that its proceedings had been all pre-arranged, or "cut and dried," by the leaders of the party opposed to the great cold-water enterprise. Not only had the officers of the meeting been decided upon, and a set of resolutions prepared, but

the very speakers had been designated; and, although the meeting was nominally one for free discussion, it was plain that it would be regarded as a species of interference for any individual, undelegated by a clique, to address the assembly. Nevertheless, young Maverick did not despair.

The meeting was called to order by Harry's old friend Bloomwell. An old and respectable citizen, named Ruydvelt, was placed in the chair, without opposition; and a number of vice-presidents, among whom was the elder Mr. Hardworth, were then appointed; while Mr. Ravenstone Hardworth and Mr. Van Rapp were made secretaries. An organization having been thus effected, Mr. 'Twist, another old acquaintance of our hero, rose, and glibly stated the objects of the meeting—which were, according to his exposition, to consider the inexpediency of undertaking at that time, during the unexampled state of prostration in all branches of business, a project so ruinously expensive as that proposed by the cold-water men—a project, “which, if carried into operation, would burden the city and the citizens with a tax that would press like an incubus upon their energies—that, like the Bohan Upas,\* would wither and blast all other enterprises beneath its shade.”

After much more to this effect, Mr. Twist offered a series of resolutions, condemning the enterprise as unseasonable, superfluous, and unjust in its operation. As he sat down, Mr. Bloomwell

\* Did the reader ever attend a popular meeting for debate in this country, at which this unfortunate tree was not pressed into metaphorical service? It has answered almost as many purposes in oratory as the “phoenix,” or the “dew-drops on the lion's mane.”

instantly rose, seconded the resolutions, and, indulging in many coy remarks upon his own presumption in addressing the assembly after the eloquent, unanswerable, and never-to-be-rivalled speech of the gentleman who had just finished, made a very long and dull harangue, as if to prove the sincerity of his pretended diffidence of his own powers of captivating an audience.

A very feeble indication of applause followed each of these speeches. But there were plainly many malecontents among the crowd, who were dissatisfied at the course things were taking. "Why isn't Wagnell here to-night?" asked one of them. "He promised he would speak for us. He is always among the missing. It won't do to let the case go by default. Some of us ought to enter our protest. Come, Jones, get up as soon as this old proser has finished, and say a word or two against the resolutions. They will be passed of course, but we ought to let the public know that there were some dissenting voices."

"Oh, I can't speak in public," said Jones. "Here is Sterling. He can talk like a book."

Mr. Bloomwell had at length ceased speaking, and stepped down from the platform. "Is it your pleasure that these resolutions be adopted?" said the president.

Mr Sterling, a modest, smooth-faced, respectable-looking man, now mounted the platform and begged to say a few words. He then mildly and hesitatingly stated some objections to the arguments which Messrs. Twist and Bloomwell had advanced; but his voice was so low, and his manner so unimpassioned, that he hardly seemed to produce a single ripple upon the minds of his au-

dience. His friends tried to animate him by a little applause, but it would not do. The anti-cold water men looked on and smiled at his feeble and unavailing efforts. As soon as he had ceased, Mr. Twist rose, and, in a compassionate manner, as if correcting the errors of a child, put aside, or seemed to put aside, the few gentle objections that had been suggested.

“Is it your pleasure that these resolutions be now adopted?” said the president a second time.

Harry’s heart beat as if it would burst through his breast. Pushing his way through the crowd, he jumped upon the platform, and ejaculated, “Mr. President!”

“Down! down! Question! question! Down!” cried the anti-cold water men.

“Go on! Hear him! Let him speak! Don’t be afraid, young ’un! Give him fair play!” returned their opponents.

A tremendous clamor was raised. “Can I believe my eyes?” quoth Mr. Bloomwell.

“What impudence!” cried Mr. Twist.

“I thought the vagabond was dead,” said Ravenstone Hardworth to his fellow-secretary.

“The boy must be tipsy,” muttered the elder Mr. Hardworth to his neighbor.

Harry stood his ground as if he had been a statue of bronze.

“Silence!” exclaimed the president, rapping with the knob of his cane upon the table. “No man shall say I have abetted any attempt at gaggery. Silence, Mr. Hardworth! This is a meeting for free discussion.” And then, turning to Harry, he courteously asked: “What name, sir, shall I announce?”



“Maverick!”

“Mr. Maverick will address you, gentlemen.”

Harry bowed and turned to the audience. The hall was filled almost to overflowing. A thousand eyes were intently fixed upon his. A thousand lips were silent for his to open. A thousand ears were listening for his words. His most careless movements were now subjects of scrutiny to a multitude. Did he quail? For a moment, the hall and the people seemed to swim before him. His faculties were suspended. He was dizzy, sick. A faint hiss was heard from among the vice-presidents. It restored him to consciousness, and was followed by a round of applause, stimulated mainly by a man on crutches not far from the platform, who had been particularly active from the first in encouraging Harry to proceed, and in producing an impression in his favor. The applause gave our hero time to rally. It was hushed. Silence pervaded the crowd. In clear, audible tones, and with a prepossessing grace of language and of manner, he thanked the president and the audience for their indulgence in granting him a hearing, and then, elevating his voice, he launched into his subject, “like an eagle dallying with the wind.”

The speaker swept away, as if they were so many cobwebs, the laborious facts and long documentary statistics that had been adduced by Twist and Bloomwell. He declared that it was a matter of indifference whether they were true or false. They were impertinent in either case. The only relevant questions were, can the enterprise of supplying the city with pure water be honorably ef-

fect, and, if so, ought it not to be carried into immediate operation ?

This simplification of the points at issue, expressed as it was with a pointed energy of style and utterance, was received with loud and prolonged applause. The two Hardworths, Bloomwell, and Twist were almost pallid with agitation and anger. But the venerable presiding officer, Mr. Ruydvelt, smiled, and nodded with suavity to the young debater.

Having stated his propositions, Harry then proceeded to urge them affirmatively upon his hearers. " Was the project feasible ? What intelligent man could entertain a doubt upon the subject ? Not any one, who had seen, as he had seen, and many there present had seen, the wealthiest portion of that great city laid in flames, a heap of black, smouldering ruins ; and, lo ! with a rapidity that seemed the work of magic, the next morning the hammer of the artisan was heard ringing amid the scene of desolation, and before the news of the conflagration had reached the remotest parts of the country, stately edifices of granite and of brick were rising on every side, and the busy hum of traffic mingled with the cheerful din of labor, until, in a few weeks,—it would hardly be an exaggeration to say, *days*—instead of an unsightly waste of smirched bricks, whole streets of elegant structures might be seen, proudly lifting their heads to proclaim to the world that New York, Antæus-like, had gathered new strength from her prostration to the earth. And will gentlemen tell us that this great metropolis—with a population increasing at a ratio almost incredible ; with unimpaired credit and resources,

to whose development the imagination could not fix a limit—with the sea at her feet, pouring the commerce of all nations into her lap, and with two abounding rivers clasping her in their arms, and bringing tributes of trade from vast inland regions—will gentlemen gravely tell us that such a metropolis cannot afford to purchase for its inhabitants the blessing of a bountiful supply of pure, wholesome water? As well might the clouds say to the ocean, while imbibing perpetual moisture from its evaporation—“We cannot afford to give you rain!”

I have attended many public meetings, but do not remember ever to have heard a more animated and prolonged explosion of applause than that which followed this climax, uttered as it was with a bold and eloquent emphasis of action and of tone. After hands had been clapped, and canes knocked against the floor, till the roof rang again, the man with the crutch cried out “three cheers!”—“I second the motion!” said John Lewis; and immediately three rounds of good, hearty cheers were given by the majority of the audience, with a loudness that startled the pedestrians in Broadway, and brought a large addition to the meeting. Old Ruydvelt seemed delighted, and several gentlemen, who had come to oppose the project, warmly applauded the young orator. But O, the long faces that were worn by certain people present!

“We have now to consider,” continued Harry, “if, granting that this enterprise *can* be accomplished, it ought *not* to be, and at once.” He then went on briefly to recapitulate some simple but interesting facts in regard to the benefits of a plentiful supply of pure water for external and internal use. He maintained, that the sole primitive and

mainly natural drink was water, which, *when pure*, had nothing noxious in it. It was the best, most wholesome, and grateful to those who were thirsty, whether sick or well ; and he proved, from high medical testimony, that it was the most proper beverage for man as well as for animals. " But, be it observed," he said, " that in all these testimonials to its value, it is *pure* water that is spoken of." And thereupon he stated some startling facts in regard to the chymical analysis of the water in some of our wells, by which it appeared that from their contiguity to the pollutions of the city, they were liable to be impregnated with qualities the most pernicious—an objection to which pure spring water, introduced from a distance through iron pipes, could never be liable. Then a thrilling allusion to the effect that might be expected from the enterprise, in presenting a check to intemperance, led him on to expatiate a moment upon the tremendous evils of that habit, and to draw a vivid picture of one of its votaries. After carrying this imaginary victim through the usual gradations of sin and debasement, the orator represented him suddenly as overtaken by a repentance, tardy, but not altogether hopeless, although " the poor, gin-corroded, fallen mortal now lay gasping, writhing, and helpless on his coarse, unwashed pallet, cursing the day when he first tasted of spirituous liquors. Will you not, O fellow-citizens, listen to his dying prayer—a *cup of pure, cold water for charity's sake !*"

I have done but imperfect justice to this passage in Harry's speech. Suffice it to say, that it produced another burst of applause not less decided than the last. " Yes ! yes ! we will listen to it !" cried a hundred voices.

Harry concluded his remarks by saying that, should the resolutions offered by the gentleman, who first addressed that assembly, be set aside, he should supply their place with the following: "Resolved: that, in the opinion of this meeting, it is expedient for the city authorities to adopt instant and efficient measures for introducing into the city a constant, regular, and copious supply of pure spring water."

Another and a more protracted storm of applause followed, as, handing this resolution on a slip of paper to the president, our friend Harry stepped down from the platform:

"Who is he? What did he say his name was? Does anybody know him? A great speech—was it not? See how mad old Bloomwell looks! Our side is up again! What is he? Who is he? A second Harry Clay! Lawyer Twist is scowling like a thunder-cloud—So is Hardworth—Well he may—The young fellow's name is Maverick—What an eye he has! He isn't one of your dandies, any how—His coat seemed a little rusty—Did any one ever hear him speak before?"—Such were the exclamations and interrogations which Harry had to hear, mingled in one confused buzz around him.

The resolutions offered by Mr. Twist were put by the president, and rejected by the audience with one loud, emphatic "No!" Harry's resolution was then read. "Is it your pleasure, gentleman," said old Mr. Ruydvelt, "that this resolution be adopted?"—"Ay, ay!" exclaimed a thousand voices. It was triumphantly carried; and thus were the objects of the enemies of pure water utterly defeated.

A gentleman of composed, easy manners, now rose, and begged to offer a couple of resolutions. "Certainly," thought Harry, "I have seen that face before. It is Mr. Brown, whom I met once at Eagleswood, and took a great dislike to. He told me some things then, which made me think him a prejudiced old cynic ; but they have all turned out true. I wonder what he has got to say now ?"

It was in truth Mr. Brown ; and these were the resolutions, which, in a clear, loud voice, he read and proposed : "Resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be presented to Mr. Henry Maverick for his able, eloquent, and instructive address." (Loud applause.) "Resolved, that the proceedings of this meeting be published in all the morning papers." Mr. Twist attempted to speak, but his voice was drowned. Nobody would listen to him. The resolutions were adopted amid shouts of approbation ; and Mr. Ravenstone Hardworth had the pleasure, as secretary, of recording for publication the honorable praise of one, whom he hated with the hate of a bad and vindictive heart.

A motion to adjourn was now carried, and the meeting broke up amid an almost general conversation, of which young Maverick and his speech seemed to be the universal topics. The first person who came forward to greet him was John Lewis, who had blistered his hands with applauding, and who now seemed proud as a victorious general of his acquaintance with the successful speaker. Mr. Brown then advanced with Mr. Ruydvelt, and congratulated our hero in the warmest terms, inquiring where his place of business was, and promising to call on him soon. Ho

also introduced his friend the Mayor, who invited Harry to dine with him the next day, in company with Mr. Brown and a foreign minister of distinction. Messrs. Bloomwell and Hardworth passed by just in time to hear this invitation given and accepted. Several respectable citizens now pressed forward, and introduced themselves, expressing their acknowledgments in the most flattering terms. Among them were Mr. Sterling, Mr. Jones, and several gentlemen, whose philanthropic exertions were enlisted in behalf of the temperance cause. Fortunately, Harry had a pack of printed cards in his pocket, bearing the names of "Maverick & Trane, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law," with the number of their office; and these he had no false delicacy in distributing among persons, who professed themselves under deep obligations for his efforts that evening.

As he was leaving the hall, arm in arm with his now elated friend, John Lewis, he met near the door-way the man on crutches, who, by his well-timed applause before the speech was begun, had done him no trifling service. The man hobbled up, and said: "It isn't myself you'll be for remembering, Mr. Maverick; but I shall remember you to my dying day, or my name isn't Dennis McCarty."

"Indeed I have no recollection of you, my good friend."

"Oh, it's asy for the likes o' you to forgit doin' a poor man a charity. Were you never in Cambridge? Did you never give a poor fellow, an' that's myself, ten dollars bekase his hand-organ had been bruk by that chap wid the big goold chain round his neck—the same who sat among the vice-

presidents to-night? Ogh, thin, I called him a big blackguard wanst, an' a big blackguard he is still; for didn't I persave him fix the evil eye on yer onner? But little's the harm the spalpeen can do you."

"I recollect the incident of the hand-organ. I am glad to see you, Dennis. How are you getting on?"

"Hearty-like, an' it's yerself I may thank, an' the ten dollars. An' if yer onner wud go to Congress, isn't it Dennis McCarty that 'ud bring you a hundhred dacent boys to the polls—clane, active lads, wid shillelaghs under their arms?"

"Thank you, Dennis, thank you," said Harry, laughing. "We can dispense with the shillelaghs. But here's my card. Should you or your friends get into trouble, I shall be happy to serve you."

"We'll git into trouble this blessed night, yer onner, for the sake of comin' to you."

"Heaven forbid! But they are putting out the lights. Good night, Dennis."

"Good night, yer onner. A long life and a merry wake to you, for a rale jintleman as you are!"

With what a beating heart did Emmeline listen for her brother's knock at the door, that eventful evening! And when he came at last, and she flew to receive him, and, over his cup of tea, he faithfully described to her and Mrs. Maverick all the incidents which I have narrated,—how the maiden wept and laughed by turns! How proud of him were both sister and mother! How much purer and nobler than any gratification which could have sprung from the accession of mere



wealth, was the felicity of those three united hearts at that moment!

Harry retired to rest, and, in the simple prayer which the Savior has given for our daily use, commended himself to the guidance of his Father in heaven. It was long, however, before the busy brain of the young lawyer would allow him to sink into forgetfulness. Imagination represented over and over again the flattering events of the evening. The watchman's staff rang on the sidewalk beneath his window, and the clocks from different steeples told the hours past midnight. But Harry heeded not these signals of the lapse of time. At length drowsiness overcame his senses. He slept, and his sleep was tranquil, and his dreams were bright as innocence and beautiful as hope.



## CHAPTER XII.

“While many a noble name, to virtue dear,  
 Delights the public eye, the public ear,  
 And fills thy canker'd breast with such annoy,  
 As Satan felt from innocence and joy;  
 Why, Peter, leave the hated object free,  
 And vent, poor driveller, all thy spite on me!”

GIFFORD'S *Epistle to PETER PINDAR.*

“Be thou as pure as ice, as chaste as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.”

SHAKESPEARE.

EARLY the next morning, after a frugal breakfast, Henry Maverick hastened to his office. He found Mr. Trane busily engaged in writing an essay on the “Statute of Limitations” for some law magazine.

“Well, Trane,” said he, “is there any news to-day?”

“Nothing in particular, except that the papers have a good deal to say about a speech that was made by a person of your name at the meeting last night. Who could he be?”

“None other than the humble individual before you, my dear sir.”

“You make a speech! You are joking. Why one of the papers here says it was something superfine—quite extraordinary. And all of them acknowledge that it was received with thunders of applause.”

“Yes, Trane. I made my *début* last night.”

“Is it possible? What! Harry?—You—such a speech!—My dear boy, give me your hand. Ha, ha, ha! Capital! I always said you would make a figure. Shrewd thing in me to make you take me in as your partner—wasn't it?”

“You were never guilty of shrewdness in your life, Trane. But I mean now to be shrewd for you. You shan't be fleeced, and imposed upon, and swindled out of legal advice any longer. We are capitally paired. You shall prepare cases, and I will argue them. You shall study, and I will plead. You shall form opinions, and I will deliver them.”

“Just the arrangement that will suit me! But sit down, now, and tell me all about the speech. Here is the Morning Scourge, unopened. Fifty times have I told that little ragged fellow who leaves it that I didn't want it, but he persists in dropping it at the door, and calls regularly twice a month, and bullies me into paying him. Let's see if the Scourge has anything to say about you. Here it is: 'MEETING AT MASONIC HALL.—A young man named Maverick made a ——.' By George, this is too bad! The blackguard!”

“Don't put it in the fire. Let me see what the Scourge says. A little abuse is a capital thing for a rising young man: 'A young man named Maverick made a fool of himself at the meeting at Masonic Hall last night, in a speech nearly an hour long, during which he read a lecture on temperance to the audience. Such puerile babble, it was never our misfortune to listen to, and how it happened to be tolerated is a marvel. The speaker himself seemed to be the fittest possible subject for the kind expostulations of the temperance re-

formers, for he had evidently been screwing his courage up with a brandy-bottle. A gang of loafers, whom he had brought with him, sustained him in his imbecile tirade, and tried to get up a round of applause when he had finished. This Maverick is a low fellow, who hangs round the purlieus of the Five Points, and gets 'cold wittles' from the Astor House and other fashionable hotels. He was tried last year at Utica, under an assumed name, for horse-stealing, but was let off in consideration of his youth. Will nobody give him a situation as boot-cleaner or bottle-washer, by which he can get an honest livelihood and clothe himself decently?"

"Coke upon Lyttleton!" exclaimed Mr. Trane, employing in that expression his direst and most vehement oath. "Isn't this too bad? Why, Harry, the fellow ought to be spoken to."

"Do you think so? Would you be so severe upon him?"

"Certainly, he deserves it. What a pack of lies he has published!"

"Come along with me, then. We will pay the editor a visit, and speak to him, as you recommend."

After threading a number of streets, rather narrow and dirty, the two friends arrived at the office of the Morning Scourge, and proceeding up stairs into an attic, knocked at a door, on which was pasted, in letters cut from the heads of newspapers, the words, "EDITOR'S ROOM." Harry entered without waiting for permission, and was followed by his companion. At a table covered with the journals of the day, while beneath it lay cluttered heaps of old newspapers, sat a puny specimen of masculine

humanity, with a box of wafers before him and a pair of scissors in his hand. He was dressed in black, and his hair was black, and his hands were black; and he wore black-rimmed spectacles, which gave to his visage a ludicrous air of gravity, in odd contrast with an expression of impish cunning, and gloating self-conceit, which lurked in the corners of his mouth and the attitudes of his head.

“Are you the editor?” asked Harry.

“It is our private opinion that we are,” replied this freak of nature, pasting a printed paragraph upon a piece of brown paper as he spoke.

“Well, my name is Maverick.”

“Indeed! Well, Maverick, how are your folks? Has the baby got over his measles yet?”

“None of this frivolity, sir! What do you mean by these lies concerning me in your paper of this morning?”

“Cleverly done that—isn’t it, Maverick? Piquant and neatly turned, eh? We pride ourself on that paragraph.”

“Are you trying to provoke me into chastising you on the spot?”

“Oh, do it by all means. It will be a capital day’s job for us, and furnish a good story for the Scourge. Assault and battery—held to bail—damages, ten thousand dollars—Oh, pray, have the goodness to kick us. Perhaps your friend too would like to amuse himself?”

Poor Trane turned away in disgust and amazement, as if shrinking from the horrid familiarity of some unclean beast.

“Attend to me, you ink-spot on creation; you

preposterous plurality," said Harry, laughing. "I am not going to thrash you"—

"Do, do!" interrupted the eccentricity. "Have the goodness"—

"Silence!" exclaimed Harry. "All I demand of you is, that you publish in to-morrow's paper a full retraction of these falsehoods, accompanied by a proper apology."

"Oh! certainly, Maverick, certainly; with the greatest possible pleasure in the world. Ha, ha, ha! 'Happy to learn, &c.'—'misinformed, &c.' We will do it for you—O. K!"\*

"In that case, I take my leave, advising you to be more sparing of your scurrility in future."

"Stop one moment, Maverick. You have forgotten a very essential preliminary. Our fees are always payable in advance."

"Well: what is that to me?"

"Come, now, Maverick, you don't suppose we are going to publish a vindication of you without being paid for it? That is too good a joke."

"A vindication! What! when the charges against me have been invented by yourself or

\* For the benefit of some future antiquarian, I will remark, that the use of these mystic letters, which were so conspicuous upon the banners of political parties during the last Presidential contest, is popularly believed to have originated with a certain ex-dignitary of the land, who, wishing to express his approbation of a document that was submitted to his official inspection, endorsed upon it, as he believed, the initial letters of the words *all correct*; conceiving the proper spelling to be, *o-l k-o-r-e-k-t*. The anecdote is of course one of those pleasant fictions, which individuals of the same independent tone of morals as the editor of the Scourge, amuse themselves with fabricating.

your informer, do you presume to call a confession of your villany a vindication of me?"

"We were hoping, just then, that you were going to strike us. You are not a fellow of much spunk, Maverick."

"Look you, sir! I see it is useless wasting anger upon such an anomaly as yourself. You have been paid for this abuse of me?"

"Exactly. Now you begin to talk like a man of sense."

"And you want me to pay you to induce you to take it back?"

"You couldn't have ciphered it out more correctly if you had used your slate."

"What is the amount of your fee?"

"Let us think. Five dollars received, and five dollars that we can get by threatening him with an exposure, is ten dollars. Well, Maverick; seeing it is your mother's son, for six dollars, cash down on the nail, we will retract the lies about you, and come out with an exposure of the man who put us up to the attack."

"What if I should institute a libel-suit against you?"

"Do it, Maverick, and we will swear eternal friendship. A libel-suit would be the making of us. People are complaining that the Scourge flags; that it doesn't contain spice enough. A libel-suit! Delicious! It will bring us up again to our old circulation."

"I perceive," said Harry, "that you are one of that class of outcasts from respectable society, infesting our city, who live by lampoonery, and who find a fiendish gratification in attempts to drag down those above them to their own level of in-

famy. None but fools or knaves, however, credit and retail your fabrications. It is your praise alone which an honest man should fear, for it leaves him liable to the suspicion that he has meanly truckled, in order to escape your venal defamation. As for the person who has instigated this abuse of me, you may tell him, that were his name enclosed in a slip of paper and dropped at my feet, I would not stoop to pick it up, so slight is my curiosity to know who he is, and so little do I prize his efforts to injure."

"Did you ever try your hand at a leading article, sir?" inquired the editor of the *Scourge*. "We should imagine, now, you could do something in the invective line—something in the style of Junius, or Macaulay even, that would *tell*. Suppose you write us a smasher for Saturday's paper? We will give you a subject."

Harry turned to his companion. "Have I spoken to him enough, think you, Trane?"

"Coke upon Lyttleton! I never heard anything like it in my born days," said the astounded counsellor, as he took Harry's proffered arm. The companions quitted the room, and the last words of the editor of the *Scourge*, as they left, conveyed an earnest injunction to Maverick, "not to forget to remember him to his ma'am," and a request to the bewildered Trane, that "he would give him a lock of his hair."

The partners returned to their office. Mr. Brown was waiting there, and examining the library with lively manifestations of interest. Harry introduced Mr. Trane, and then described the interview they had just had with the "gentleman of the press." Mr. Brown laughed, and said: "It is all



very characteristic, what you tell me. Now will this caitiff come out to-morrow in his paper with a long story founded on your visit, which will contain a bushel of lies to a grain of truth. But the very license of the abandoned portion of the press among us carries its own antidote. People may read the scurrility, and laugh at it, but no man of intelligence thinks of believing it. I am rather prejudiced in favor of a person, at seeing him abused and defamed by a journal like the Scourge. I have always admired Dr. Johnson's true and just philosophy in regard to public abuse. When attacked for his writings, he would say: 'Why now, these vagabonds are only advertising my book: it is surely better a man should be abused than forgotten.' I suspect, Mr. Maverick, from the indifference you manifest touching this atrocious statement in regard to yourself, that you have been imbibing a little of Dr. Johnson's peculiar philosophy."

"I agree with him, perfectly, on this subject," said Harry.

"Well, Mr. Maverick, my immediate purpose in calling here was to inquire, if you and your partner will have time to attend to a case of some magnitude, which comes on next month, in behalf of a great rail-road company, who, if you succeed in getting them a verdict, will probably be very liberal toward you. The case has been intrusted to me, with liberty to select whom I please to manage it."

"You couldn't have found any who have more leisure or disposition to attend to business than we. Isn't it so, Mr. Trane?"

Mr. Trane smiled and nodded, and then, em-

barrassed by a look from Mr. Brown, winked his eyes and began swinging his long leg.

"I have read with much pleasure, Mr. Trane, your admirable essay in the Jurist on the 'Conflict of Laws,'" said Mr. Brown. "It is sound and able, and displays not only a wonderful extent of legal learning, but much original profundity of thought."

Poor Trane had never had a compliment before in his life, and, though his face was overspread with blushes, he could not forbear following the impulse of his heart. He grasped Mr. Brown's hand, and emphatically thanked him.

Mr. Brown took his leave, promising to call the next day with the necessary documents, to put Mr. Trane in possession of the important case he had confided to him and his partner. Harry did not forget his appointment that afternoon at the Mayor's. He found a party of gentlemen assembled, nearly all of whom were eminent for talents or mental acquirements; and all of them were forward to seek his acquaintance, and to pay him attention. His opinion was several times appealed to, and he gave it with equal modesty and good sense. Among the guests was a nephew of the Mayor's, a young man of large fortune, named Splash. He tried to engage several persons in conversation concerning the feats of the celebrated man-fly at one of the minor theatres, but nobody seemed to sympathize with his admiration, and Splash at length found himself so completely a cipher, amid the interchange of intellectual wealth, that, after emptying a bottle of champagne, he retired to the sofa and soon began to snore in a man-

ner that obliged his uncle to advise him to retire to a sleeping apartment.

Returning home soon after twilight, Harry was presented by Emmeline with the following letter from Mr. Wainbridge, which had been left at the door by Sim Lewis:—

“MY DEAR HARRY:—It has given me the sincerest gratification to hear of your brilliant success at the meeting last night. For a time I have forgotten my own griefs in my pleasure at hearing from all quarters the praises of my old pupil. Go on in your honorable career. The trials and discomfitures, through which you have fought your way, have been to your intellectual and moral character, what the exercises of the gymnasium are to the athlete. You have trained yourself for the conflict; and, with the blessing of God, may now go forth boldly into the arena, with a bright conscience for your shield, and knowledge and an enlightened reason for your weapons. I received your kind letter of inquiry by Lewis. The information he gave you in regard to me is, to a certain extent, correct. I transmitted to London not long since, through a person whom I believed trustworthy, a sum of money, the accumulation of laborious years in this country. It was directed to my wife, and sent for the purpose of enabling her and my daughter to join me in the United States. The reply received has been a letter, ostensibly from Mrs. Wainbridge, in which she says, or is made to say, that being now entitled to a divorce in consequence of our protracted separation, she had concluded to avail herself of the privilege; and that it was her intention to unite herself in marriage with a nobleman

of distinguished rank. She thanks me for the money that I sent, and promises to devote it to the education of my child; and concludes by advising me to form at once a matrimonial connexion in America more suitable to my station and prospects in life than my first unfortunate alliance. You may imagine my emotions, my dear Harry, on reading this extraordinary communication. The handwriting is of a character to allay all suspicion as to its genuineness. I have compared it with that of several letters from my wife in my possession, and the accordance is perfect. But the internal evidence tends to persuade me that it is a forgery. Never, till I hear it from her own lips, will I be convinced that she could have penned so heartless an epistle. I am now hoarding up my little income to enable me to revisit England. My anxiety to return is so intense as to take away my appetite and affect my health. But my best pupils have left me for college, and money comes slowly in. A year may pass, without my having the means to go. Let us hope for the best, however, my dear young friend. And speaking of hope, how is Emmeline, with her 'eyes of tender gloom' and her flute-like voice? Tell her to recollect me kindly. Remember me also to your mother, and believe me ever, come weal, come wo, your sincere friend,

“STANLEY WAINBRIDGE.”

Immediately on perusing this letter, Harry placed it in his pocket, and left the house to pay a visit to Mr. Brown.

“A hard case, a very hard case, truly,” said Mr. Brown, as Harry concluded his narration of Mr.

Wainbridge's story. "I think I remember Mr. Wainbridge—a grave, intelligent-looking young man—was he not? What can we do for him? Humph! Let me consider. I have it! Tom Asterly, who has been appointed bearer of despatches to the court of St. James, and who ought to start by the next English steam-ship, is lying ill at the Globe, and will be unable to go. I will write on to my friend the Secretary of State at once, and request him to transfer the commission to Wainbridge. It shall be done."

And it *was* done; and, three days afterward, Harry accompanied his former tutor in a carriage to the foot of Pike-street, and saw him embark in the Great Western for Bristol. Wainbridge waved a mute farewell from the deck. His gratitude was too deep for words.



## CHAPTER XIII.

“ There is no trace of thee around,  
Beloved ! in this abode ;  
The winds sweep o'er the silent ground,  
Where once thy footsteps trode.”—MRS. NORTON.

WHAT revolutions in individual affairs as well as national may three years bring about ! The lapse of that space of time in the life of Henry Maverick, since the period of his entering upon the practice of his profession, found him in circumstances, if not of affluence, of pecuniary competence and independence. He had removed with his sister and mother to a neat house in Waverley Place. His society, and of course that of his family, were once more sought after by the wealthy and fashionable with solicitude. Emmeline's rare beauty and accomplishments had made her unambitiously and unconsciously a belle, and the very infrequency of her attendance at balls and parties, increased the sensation of her presence when she appeared. In the character of Mrs. Maverick, adversity had wrought a radical change. She had learned the true value of worldly display, and the hollowness of merely fashionable and conventional friendships. With her daughter she would now often revisit the scenes where they had experienced privation, and dispense her charities with a judicious hand. She had found friends in the humbler walks of life during her ad-

versity, and these she did not forget, when brighter fortunes began to dawn. Religion was now her cheering guide and her open-eyed counsellor.

Harry's partner, Mr. Trane, had availed himself of his change of circumstances to transplant a whole colony of poor relations to the city. As they were, without exception, shrewd, thrifty people, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing them rising in the world, while to him they looked up as to a common benefactor.

It was in August, a month when our eastern climate is deliciously clear and uniform, that Henry Maverick, having an important case to attend to in Boston, visited that place with his mother and sister. A verdict was rendered in his client's favor. His business was accomplished. Why did the young lawyer still delay, receiving, as he daily did, letters from his partner, begging him to return, as there was an accumulation of business that demanded his attention ?

One fair sunny day, Harry entered a private parlor at the Tremont House, where his mother and sister were sitting. Emmeline was perusing a newspaper of the morning ; and her brother noticed, as he glanced at her, that something of more than ordinary interest had excited her attention, for her eyes kindled, and her cheek flushed as she read.

“ What is the news, Emmeline ? ”

“ Listen,” replied she, “ to the praises of one of your friends : ‘ A letter from Florence, published in the London Athenæum, states that a young American sculptor named Clare is attracting great attention by his productions. His studio is daily thronged by people of taste. An exquisite bust

of the Countess Montelli from his chisel has been pronounced, by the great Thorwaldsen, *masterly* both in execution and design. An English nobleman of wealth has ordered busts in marble of his whole family, which will give the young artist lucrative employment for some time!"

"I thank you," said Harry, "for the interest you take in 'one of my friends,' my dear. Of course it is a subject of great indifference to you. That is easily seen. Seriously, I am rejoiced to hear of Theodore's success. Let me look at the newspaper. Why, Emmeline, you have overlooked another item, hardly less interesting: 'From the London Morning Post—The examination into the conduct of Sir William Ormsby, accused of cheating at cards at Crockford's, has resulted in a report inculpatory of that unfortunate nobleman. He is distinctly proved to have been guilty of the baseness, and has of course been compelled to disgorge the immense sums which he recently won from young Fitznoodle. Sir William left yesterday for the continent. We learn that in consequence of his dishonorable conduct, his maternal uncle, John Bullion, Esq., who recently arrived in this country from Calcutta, has expunged his name from his will, leaving his immense property to Mrs. Wainbridge, a sister of Sir William, and wife of Stanley Wainbridge, Esq., whose mathematical works have excited some attention among scholars. There is a tale of family persecution and tyranny, involved in the history of the now fortunate pair, which it is hardly proper to lay before the public.'—News enough for one day! Is it not, Emmeline?"

"And what pleasant news too! I am delighted



at Wainbridge's good fortune. How I would like to see one of his busts!"

"I wasn't aware that my friend Wainbridge had talents that way. How long has he practised the art?"

"Oh, I was thinking of—you know who I meant."

"It is my turn now," said Mrs. Maverick, "to look at the newspaper. I wonder if I can hit upon anything strange or interesting. Listen to this: 'The Confucius, which arrived at this port yesterday from Canton, brings information that the Whampoa, Captain Linzee, was to sail the week following the date of her departure. Mr. Clare, of the American house of Barrow, Clare, & Co., had taken passage for this port in the latter ship, which may now be daily expected.' That interests you, Harry; does it not?"

"Yes, I know of no one I would like better to see than Edwin Clare. And now, mother, if you have no more astonishing news to read to us, we will get ready for a drive to Nahant."

The proposal was joyfully acceded to. Emmeline had never seen Nahant. How she enjoyed the novel scene, as, in an open barouche, they were borne over the smooth, wet sand, which glittered like a mirror beneath the horses' feet! Leaving his mother and sister at the hotel in the society of some acquaintances, Harry engaged a saddle-horse, and rode at full speed in the direction of Capeville. As he approached the little cottage, once occupied by the Clares, he drew in his bridle, and proceeded at a gentler pace. How familiar and unchanged everything seemed! More than six crowded years had rolled by since his

transient visit to that spot ; yet how vivid was every recollection connected with it ! There was the slight curve in the road, where he had first seen Ellen Clare, “ on a bright spring morning, long ago.” There was the old apple-tree ; and there the very twig, where a blue-bird had alighted, which he had pointed out to his companion. The cottage too seemed unaltered, save that the blinds and windows were closed, and no sign of any inmates appeared.

Harry dismounted with a beating heart, and, allowing his horse to crop the grass that grew rank along the side of the fence, he passed through the little “ front yard,” and knocked with his riding-whip at the door. No one answered his summons. It was evident that the house was vacated. Looking back over the road by which he had passed, he beheld a female at some distance, watching his movements with intense interest. The ribands of her cap were streaming in the wind. A red shawl was flung with a carelessness by no means picturesque about her neck ; and a pair of shears swung at her girdle.

Hoping to obtain some information from this person, in regard to the object of his search, Harry remounted his horse, to seek an interview. The female fled. He followed, however, at a fast trot, and saw her scud into a little shop by the way-side. Tying his horse at a neighboring post, he entered the shop. The mysterious figure in the red shawl was no less a person than our old acquaintance, Miss Snim, who, in consequence of her inordinate passion for attending to everybody’s business but her own, had, since we last met her, grown some

seven years older without becoming richer by a dollar.

“ Well, I guess you didn’t find her in, did you ?” said Miss Snim, as Harry made his appearance.

“ Your surmise is correct,” replied Harry. “ I wish you to give me all the information in your possession in regard to her. The last time I heard of her, she was living at the cottage in the family of a Mr. Williams, a clergyman.”

“ You needn’t tell me that. I know all about it. You saw her younger brother in New York.”

“ Where is she now ?”

“ How should I know ? You had better ask Zeke Stillwood, or Eben Jones, or some other one of her beaux.”

“ What a becoming cap that is of yours, Miss Snim !—but why do you wear it ? Will it not be time enough twenty years hence to don such a matronly head-dress ?”

“ La, now, do you really think so, sir ? I have often thought of throwing it by altogether.”

“ Do it, by all means, Miss Snim. When you get to be forty you may begin to think of such things. I was hoping you could give me some little information in regard to Miss Clare, as I take an interest in the family. But I see you are ignorant”—

“ Ignorant ! Pray sit down, sir. I will tell you all I know, and to be sure that isn’t much. Well : after she had fitted out Theodore and seen him off, she came back to Capeville with just thirty-three dollars sixty-seven and a half cents in her pocket-book, which was all she had in the world. With what she earned at straw-platting, she made this last her a couple of years, paying her board and sub-

scribing one dollar thirty-three cents and three quarters to the Dorcas Society. But a new fashion of bonnets comes up last year, and straw-plating gets to be a poor business, and then poorer and poorer, until no work was to be had. Nell's purse began to get pretty light, and she was thinking last month of letting herself out as help, when who should come to Capeville, but"—

"But—well? Why do you stop? Go on! go on, good woman."

"Good woman indeed! I would have you to know, sir"—

"Indeed, Miss Snim, I beg your pardon most humbly. You are not a good woman. It was my grandmother that was. Pray continue your narrative. 'When who should come to Capeville, but?'"—

"But Mr. Williams's son from some place away off, west of sundown—Iowa, I think they call it. That's neither here nor there, however."

"Well, well! Mr. Williams's son"—

"Why, what does he come here for, but to take his father and mother and his sisters and brothers, bag and baggage, out to Iowa, where he has a whole town of his own, with a grist-mill and everything comfortable. Well: finding a pretty girl, like Ellen—though as for the matter of beauty, I must say, I could never see anything so mighty superior about her; and I shall believe to my dying day, that there was something besides nat'ral color"—

"We will not stop to discuss that point now, Miss Snim. What of Williams?"

"What should he do but fall in love with Nell, and offer himself"—

“ She didn't accept him ? No, no ! I am sure she didn't : she never could think of accepting such a fellow as Williams ; a vulgar, ill-looking”—

“ So ! You have seen him ? ”

“ No. Perhaps I do him injustice ? ”

“ Indeed you do. He is a very nice-looking young man, I can tell you ; and Miss Nell may think herself lucky enough, if she gets him. Besides, he's well off in the world, and”—

“ But tell me directly, without any more circumlocution, are they married ? Are they engaged ? ”

“ How should I know ? ”

“ What has become of her ? Tell me, or I'll—  
Tell me, that's a dear—girl.”

Miss Snim was propitiated by the last monosyllable, and replied : “ All I know is, that the whole family, Ellen with them, went off, about a month ago, to Boston, since which I haven't been able to trace any of their movements.”

“ But do you really think that Ellen consented to marry that fellow Williams ? ”

“ I do indeed. What could she expect better ? Here she was, a lonely girl, with but five dollars in her pocket-book, after paying her last week's board, and nothing to look forward to but going into somebody's kitchen for a living. A very sensible thing it would be for her to reject such an offer, to be sure ! ”

Harry groaned almost audibly, as Miss Snim gave utterance to this not unreasonable conviction ; and handing her a dollar, with the request that she would contribute it in her own name to the Dorcas Society, he sprang once more upon the saddle, and, in no very enviable frame of mind, rode back to Nahant. I am credibly informed,

that on his way he was guilty of the following sonnet—a dereliction which, as a faithful chronicler, I must record. O Harry Maverick! When will you learn to put by childish things? I am almost disposed to give you up after this:—

“Brief was our meeting; and my heart knew not  
How deep the impress of thy image lay.  
Long silent years since then have lapsed away,  
And I have toiled to reach a fairer lot—  
In the stern struggle, tenderer hopes forgot!  
But now, the dawn of a diviner day  
Has waked the patient statue with its ray,  
And clothed with bloom the once abandoned spot.  
Love, from his fetters breaking, looks for thee!  
Where art thou, maiden of the earnest eyes?  
I seek thy humble cot—no voice replies,  
Save the hoarse murmur of the neighboring sea,  
And the low rustle of thy favorite tree,  
Chiming an echo to my own heart’s sighs!”

Well! we must bear with such foibles. Who knows but he may be struck poetical himself some day?

That evening the Mavericks returned to Boston, and it was agreed, in family conclave, that they should tarry a brief time longer in the tri-mountainous city.



## CHAPTER XIV.

“ Call me a fool ;  
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some biting error.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE sound of music and dancing from one of the most elegant private mansions in Boston, proclaimed that a ball of some magnitude was in progress. Carriage after carriage would stop before the door, yield up its daintily dressed inmates, and roll away. Notwithstanding the season was one, when those, whom leisure and affluence permit, generally forsake the dust and heat of the city for the pleasures of the country, there was a large assemblage of what a coxcomb would call “ the right sort of people ” at Mrs. Marbury’s. As the ball was given in honor principally of the Mavericks, Harry and his sister were of course present. He had the evening before addressed a large political meeting, and won the favorable opinions of his audience by his animated and graceful style of eloquence. The newspapers of the day were prolific in his praises. He was, not unmeritedly, the observed of all observers, for the moment, in society. A knowledge of his brief but brilliant career stimulated the general curiosity to see and hear him.

At the ball, however, he was far from being in

a mood to enjoy festivity. His thoughts would wander to other objects and other scenes. He seemed to have lost the faculty, which usually distinguished him, of concentrating his attention upon minute topics as well as great—of catching, ere it faded, “the Cynthia of the minute.” He was dreaming of Ellen Clare—rebuking himself for not having made earlier inquiries in regard to her fate. She was now, in all probability, the wife of Williams, and on her way to the far west, to make happy some log cabin in the wilderness. Hang Williams ! Why couldn’t she have waited a little longer ? Why need she have been in such a haste to get married ? Well : were there not maidens as fair ? Look at those now whirling in the giddy waltz, to the sound of delightful tunes from the last new opera. Pshaw ! Is that a place to look to for a wife ?

“Do you not dance, Mr. Maverick ?” said a delicate voice at his side.

“I must be excused this evening, Miss Arnwell. Indeed, I do not waltz at any time.”

“Is it possible ? I thought that the waltz was the only allowable dance now at your New York assemblies. I hope you have no primitive notions as to its impropriety ?”

“I entertain most decided objections to it.”

“Then it is because you cannot waltz. You have never practised it, or it makes you dizzy ? Did you ever hear of a good waltzer’s finding fault with the practice ?”

“I have seen many a good waltzer, who, however fond he might be of the exercise himself, was made very uncomfortable when the lady to whom he was attached accepted an invitation to join in



it from another gentleman. I consider it an immodest dance."

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*—Evil to him who evil thinks. It is the idea attached to it, and not the practice itself, that is culpable."

"But is not the practice father of the idea? I am aware that habit and education will make innocent, manners and modes of dress, that in certain states of society would be considered indecent. The female of the South Sea Islands has as nice a sense of modesty as the most fastidious lady of our acquaintance, and yet the South Sea Islander would be arrested as a lunatic should she appear in our streets in the costume of her country. But all those conventional observances, within which modesty is fenced, in civilized society, seem to me hostile to the waltz. It is an anomaly. Its tendency is impure."

"You will consider me very courageous or very impracticable, if, after your homily, I accept an invitation for the next waltz—will you not?"

"It would be presumption in me to suppose that I had made you a convert to my doctrine so soon."

"I am afraid to hear any more of your arguments, lest I should falter in my fealty to the waltz—the incomparable waltz. What a pretty girl is your sister! How very devoted is Mr. Smug! He is not an admirable Crichton, but then he is what I fear is more attractive to many of our young ladies—a millionaire. I hear he has a fine cage in your city, all gilt, and ready for a singing-bird. By the way, Mr. Maverick, there is a whisper concerning yourself about the room, which, I am half inclined to suspect is true."

"What is it?"

“They say that you are here after a wife. Can it be that you are so unfashionable as to think of matrimony?”

“Of what else should one think in Miss Arnwell’s presence?” retorted Harry, bowing and moving away, as another gentleman came up to address the lady.

“Miss Danton of New York,” said Mrs. Marbury, introducing a lady, showily dressed in white satin trimmed with silver cords and tassels.

“We have met before, if I recollect,” said Miss Danton.

“That is a circumstance which I have not the bad taste to forget,” replied Harry, who remembered having seen her often at Eagleswood, when “hollow fortune called him favorite.”

“How delightful to renew the acquaintanceships of our early years,” sighed Miss Danton, who, having heard that Harry had a dash of poetry in his composition, had resolved to commence storming the citadel at one of its weak points.

“Very delightful!” quoth Harry.

“Pray have you heard the shocking news about poor Arabella Hardworth?”

“No. What is it?”

“Why, that Count Caperelli, whom she has married, turns out to be an English prize-fighter, the son of a Jewish dealer in old clothes in Monmouth-street.”

“No matter. The count waltzes enchantingly, and is a capital judge of Burgundy.”

“You are misanthropic to-night.”

“What has become of our old acquaintance Miss Sumpter?”

“Have you not heard? It is really too provok-

ing. She married young Ermine—her mother believing him to be abundantly rich. But it turns out that he has squandered all his immense property, and is now actually dependant upon his mother-in-law, without a profession, and with habits of expense which he hasn't sense enough to control. He is, moreover, intemperate, and takes little interest in anything but horse-racing."

"The Sumpters thought more of wealth than worth. They are reaping the consequence."

"By the way, your old enemy, Ravenstone Hardworth, is here to-night."

"Indeed !"

"Yes. Do you not see him talking to the lady in blue ? That is Miss Van Rapp, to whom he is engaged. They have been on a visit to Nahant. The lady is wealthy ; there is a rumor, however, that old Hardworth has lost largely by the depreciation of United States Bank stock. You are aware that he has sold Eagleswood ?"

"Not at all. You are better than a newspaper, Miss Danton."

Here a young gentleman with very white kid gloves on his hand, a very flashy waistcoat, and very tight pantaloons, came up and begged the honor of Miss Danton's hand for a cotillon. The lady looked at Harry, as if to ask, Shall I not tell him I am engaged to you ? But Harry did not seem disposed to encourage any such deception, and the lady, with evident reluctance, permitted herself to be led away. Harry took his seat upon a tabouret in the recess of one of the windows, and, while the scene of gayety went on before his eyes, allowed his perplexed thoughts to wander back to his few brief interviews with one, whose

image rose to his memory far brighter than any of the living faces which reality now presented. 'The next day he was to return to New York! He must then abandon all hope of seeing her. Of seeing whom?—her, who was probably Mrs. Williams by this time! Bitter was the supposition!

For nearly an hour, Harry retained his solitary seat, shaded partly from observation by one of the thick muslin curtains that were festooned before the window. The cessation of the music roused him from his reverie. He started up. The last of the dancers were leaving the apartment. His glance fell on the white marble hearth. Something like a spark of fire attracted his notice. No, it was the glitter of a gem. Stooping, he picked up a diamond breast-pin. Who could have dropped it? There was an inscription on the gold. It consisted of the initials, "H. V. R." It must belong to Miss Van Rapp, whom he had seen standing by the fire-place.

Hastening to find the owner of the jewel, Harry entered the supper-room. It was occupied chiefly by young men, who were busily engaged at a table spread with various wines and viands.

"Come in, Maverick. Here is a capital *paté de foie gras*."

"Allow me the pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Maverick. Do you take Burgundy or champagne?"

"Will you not try some Charlotte Russe or some ice?"

"Away with your sillabub dishes! Try these woodcocks, Maverick."

"Here is some of Marbury's Charleston Ma-

deira. Taste it, Maverick, if you would know what nectar is."

To all these invitations, Maverick replied: "I am in search of a lady to restore a jewel she has dropped. You must excuse me." And he hurried up stairs to the room where the ladies were resuming their shawls to return home. As he knocked at the door, he heard the shrill voice of Miss Van Rapp exclaim: "I am sure I left it pinned upon the scarf thrown into my calash; and if, as you say, no other servant but yourself has been in the room, I must hold you accountable for the theft."

"I will stake my life on her truth," said the sweet musical voice of Emmeline Maverick, in reply. "Is it not far more probable, Miss Van Rapp, that you dropped the jewel by the way, or that you did not bring it with you?"

"Nonsense! Ravenstone assures me that he saw it about my person before we left the Tremont House. The interest you profess to take in this young person shall not screen her from justice. If she persists in denying her knowledge of the theft, we must summon a police-officer to inquire into the business. The diamond is worth a hundred dollars, and I have no idea of giving it up out of any sentimental whim."

"You suspect her wrongfully," exclaimed Emmeline, with unwonted animation. "Can you not discern innocence from guilt?"

"Yes, I can; and if she didn't stand there looking me in the face, bold as a princess, without speaking a word, I might think my suspicion was erroneous. But she would never be so cool and quiet, were she not a hardened offender. Come,

girl, give me back the jewel, and we will ask Mrs. Marbury to pardon you."

"Are you quite certain, my dear Miss Van Rapp," said the soft, indecisive voice of Mrs. Marbury—"are you quite certain that you left the jewel in your calash?"

"I am positive, madam, quite positive; for it was only last week that I committed the same imprudence; and I remember perfectly taking the jewel out of its casket this evening."

"I am unwilling to suspect my maid of taking it. She came to me not more than a month since with the highest recommendations from a respectable country clergyman. I think you must be mistaken."

"Here is the scarf to which I left it pinned. No other servant has been in the room. The circumstances will warrant my having a police officer here," said Miss Van Rapp, who hoped to frighten the accused girl into a confession.

Unwilling to intrude into the apartment of the ladies, Harry stood knocking at the door, but the din of voices within was now such that nobody attended to his summons.

"You persist in denying having taken it, do you?" exclaimed Miss Van Rapp.

"I have condescended to deny it once," said the low, firm voice of the accused, "and I now deny it again. If you choose to presume so far upon my unprotected situation as to insult me further, I shall answer no more of your questions, but await the legal investigation which you threaten."

"What is your name?"

"Ellen Clare."

At the first sound of Ellen's voice, Maverick

had been struck with an emotion which was unintelligible ; but when the name fell upon his ear, his heart beat so violently, that he was obliged to wait a moment at the door to rally his energies.

“ I think I will go for an officer,” said Ravenstone Hardworth, whom Harry had not imagined to be in the room.

Pushing open the door, Maverick now entered without any further ceremony. The first object his glance fell upon was Ellen Clare, supported by Emmeline. The face of the accused was pale, but the fire of conscious truth was in her eyes, irradiating every feature. As she saw Maverick, a visible change came over her entire aspect. The color returned to her cheeks. A smile of welcome played upon her lips. She seemed to have forgotten wholly the disagreeable scene through which she had just passed, and started to receive his proffered hand, as if it were a link to old memories of joy and sunshine.

“ What is the meaning of all this ?” muttered Hardworth, raising his eye-glass.

“ You shall see, sir,” replied Maverick, as, advancing, he addressed Miss Van Rapp : “ Here is a breast-pin which I picked up three minutes since in the room where you last danced. Have the goodness to see if it is the one you have missed.”

“ To be sure it is. I am vastly obliged—thank you, Mr. Maverick.”

A general exclamation of surprise, indignation, and rejoicing was heard from the different ladies in the room.

“ I thought you must be in error in accusing Ellen,” said Mrs. Marbury, mildly.

“ O, it was very natural, under the circumstances, that I should suspect her—was it not, Ravenstone ?” returned Miss Van Rapp.

“ Certainly, my dear,” replied Ravenstone.

“ Shame ! shame ! Ask her pardon,” exclaimed several voices. “ Apologize !”

“ Apologize to *her* ? You are joking, good people,” said Miss Van Rapp, petulantly.

“ She sinned against bright heaven, and violated its sacred signet, in accusing her,” said Henry Maverick ; “ and she has not the grace to acknowledge her crime.”

“ Crime ! You shall answer for this language, sir,” exclaimed Hardworth.

“ I think I remember you, sir,” said Maverick, folding his arms behind him, as if for the purpose of keeping them out of the way of mischief, as he advanced.

“ You shall have further cause to remember me,” replied Hardworth, with bitterness of tone, but falling back as if from an instinctive apprehension that his old antagonist was about to handle him roughly.

Harry returned once more to Ellen, and took her by the hand.

“ The gentleman seems on remarkably familiar terms, considering she is a nursery-maid,” remarked Miss Van Rapp, with a forced, disagreeable laugh.

“ Yes, miss, and I wish that you were on the same terms with good-breeding,” said Maverick. “ But to show you how far my familiarity is mingled with admiration and respect, I here declare myself a suiter for the young lady’s hand.”

Poor Ellen had sustained herself up to this time



with the heroism of a martyr, but this avowal, sudden, unexpected, and yet delightful as it was, overcame her so far, that with a slight exclamation of surprise, she sank insensible into the arm—it was Emmeline's—that encircled her waist.

I have always said that Maverick was an impulsive fellow, and his conduct on this occasion convinces me that I was right. Why couldn't he have waited till the company were gone? Why need he make so delicate a declaration so abruptly and so publicly? Possibly there were young ladies present, who had designs of their own upon his heart. What a shock to them, as well as to the elected one, must his extraordinary avowal have been! I will not attempt the slightest palliation of his conduct. I agree with my respectable aunt, Miss Fossil, that it was "decidedly in bad taste." To be sure, it involved no moral obliquity. But, it has always struck me, there was something in it theatrical and melodramatic. I may do Harry injustice; but this is my opinion, and, as a candid biographer, I do not hesitate to express it. I am credibly informed, however, that the scene was, at the time, a hit. It took everybody by surprise, and was followed by a murmur of applause from all except Hardworth and Miss Van Rapp. Several ladies among the audience were affected to tears. I can believe it. Young ladies are apt to be captivated by a display of generous enthusiasm; and, where there is a dash of romance in the exhibition, as in the present case, so much the more ardent is their sympathy. But sober people, like aunt Fossil and myself, can only shake their heads at such rhapso-

dies, and thank their stars that they have arrived at years of discretion.

The day after the ball, three little incidents occurred which it may be well to record in this place: Edwin Clare arrived from Canton—Henry Maverick was united in marriage to Ellen Clare—and, two hours afterward, a challenge was received by the bridegroom from Ravenstone Hardworth.

Edwin Clare had returned in fine health and spirits. Still he had not been fortunate in business. The house of Barrow & Clare had been embarrassed for a time in consequence of a sudden and unlooked-for fall in teas. But what of that? He had come to settle with their creditors cent for cent. No man was to be a loser by their misfortunes. The credit of the house would soon be revived, and a few prosperous seasons would make them independent. At the Tremont House, Edwin learned, to his surprise and gratification, that his sister was to be married to his old friend and classmate. What a grasp of the hand was that with which he welcomed Henry Maverick!

The wedding passed off gayly. Emmeline seemed thoroughly delighted with her new sister-in-law; and Mrs. Maverick manifested hardly less satisfaction and pleasure. The bride was simply attired in white. A few natural buds and flowers were her only ornaments. To Harry's eyes she seemed more charming than ever. Time had more than confirmed the promises of girlhood. What a preservative of beauty is a cheerful, contented, hopeful, religious heart!

"How happened it, Ellen," asked Harry, "that you never consented to become Mrs. Williams? Such a fright as I got from your amiable friend,

Miss Snim! She would not allow me a peg whereon to hang a hope."

"How happened it, sir, that you had the assurance to proclaim yourself my suiter before so many people, as if, forsooth, you thought it was an impossibility for me to say 'no' to your offer?"

"I could tell a tale about both of you," said Edwin Clare, "which would prove that, by your own confessions to me, some six years ago, each of you had very decided designs upon the other, even so far back as then."

"Do not betray secrets, brother."

The conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door. A servant announced that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Maverick immediately upon private and important business. Harry went out, and was encountered by a young man with a cane, who handed him a note. Opening it he found it to be an invitation from Hardworth to meet him with pistols, at any time and place that might be agreeable.

"Your friend is well aware that I am no duelist," said Maverick, returning the note.

"Am I to understand that you decline giving him satisfaction?" returned the young man. "A written apology will answer his purpose, if you do not wish to fight."

"I have no disposition to shoot him, and certainly none that he should shoot or maim me. Why then should I fight?"

"O, then you prefer to apologize?"

"Certainly not; for I could not conscientiously do so."

"Are you aware of the consequences?"

"Perhaps not."

“ You will be posted, sir, at the corners of the streets as a poltroon.”

“ Well ?”

“ You will be hooted from the society of gentlemen.”

“ Well ?”

“ You will be”—

“ Well ?”

“ You will be spurned as I now spurn you,” concluded the young man, tapping him lightly with his cane.

“ Well ? And now I will tell you what my own course would be under those circumstances. The posting at the corners of the streets I should not notice, for if any persons wished to attest the truth of the charge, they could do so, almost any pleasant day, in Broadway or Wall-street. The being hooted from the society of gentlemen would be much more tolerable than the loss of my own self-respect or peace of mind ; and, inasmuch as it would be quite questionable whether they were gentlemen who would attempt such an incivility, my equanimity would not be disturbed. As for the spurning part of the business—do you know how I should answer that ?”

“ By turning on your heels, most probably.”

“ No ; supposing the individual to have struck me with his cane, as you did,—”

“ You would go into an argument touching the propriety of non-resistance—eh ?”

“ No. I am sorry to say, I am not quite philosopher enough for that yet. There is so much of the ‘offending Adam’ in me still, that, in all probability, I should, in the first place, take away his cane, thus !” And here Harry suited the action

to the word. "Then, I should thrust him on his knees, thus!—Then, unless he sued for mercy, I should be very likely to pitch him tenderly across the street out of the way of my fists, thus!" For I should be tempted and yet be loath to strike him. But I beg pardon. I hope I have not hurt you. I was merely showing you what would probably be my course, under circumstances like those you hinted at."

The young man rose, burning with shame and anger, and said: "Give me my cane, sir."

"Certainly. It is too pretty a toy to break. Look you. Nobody has been witness of this little lesson; and nobody shall hear of it from my lips. Reflect a moment. Have you not been very foolish in undertaking this business? And wouldn't I have been still more foolish, if, on this my wedding-day, I had accepted an invitation which was to subject me to the chance of having a bullet lodged in my plexus or my heart? I will not speak of the divine mandate, 'Thou shalt not kill;' though that is enough for me; but will look with merely worldly eyes on the subject. You are a young man of spirit, sir, and ought to be one of sense. Can you rationally object to my conduct?"

"Mr. Maverick, I ask your pardon. You have given me a wholesome lesson. Will you accept my hand in friendship?"

"Readily. Come into my parlor, and I will make you acquainted with my wife and sister."

"I never dreamed that my mission would take such a turn as this. I accept your invitation with pleasure. Lead on."

"A pretty termination to my wedding-day it would have been to have accepted a challenge!

What are swords and pistols but children's toys, after all? Mark me, the time is coming when they will be banished to the nursery, or be used only in conflicts with wild beasts."



## CHAPTER XV.

"Now has descended a serener hour,  
And, with inconstant fortune, friends return."

SHELLEY.

AGAIN must I tax the imagination of my readers to traverse space and time without regard to intervening distances and events. Three years have elapsed. We will return to Eagleswood. Who are now its tenants? Perhaps we may pick up some information in the library.

It is the morning of the fourth of July—a clear, radiant, and fragrant morning. The banks of the river seem piled with verdure. Innumerable roses are in bloom. The honeysuckle that twines about the paling of the piazza is still wet with dew, and the humming-bird, that feather'd libertine, "to one thing constant never," is busily quaffing the sweet moisture from its cup.

In the library are Henry Maverick and his wife. Along the piazza, before the windows, pass a youth and maiden, arm in arm, seemingly absorbed in conversation. The young man bears a striking resemblance to our old acquaintance, Theodore Clare. The lady is no other than Miss Emmeline Maverick. A lawn slopes away just beyond the piazza, and there, in the kindling sunshine, stands an old, gray-headed negro, dressed in a faded military uniform, with a cocked hat, and a

burnished sword, that seems to have a mischievous propensity to swing between its wearer's knees, whenever he steps. Can it be that old Mingo is yet alive? A dog follows in his train. Is it Hotspur? That is his name. But it is not the Hotspur of old; though a not unworthy descendant of that respectable quadruped, whose fate should be a warning to all dogs of roving habits. While trotting up Chatham-street one day, he was knocked on the head by a dog-killer. He died full of years and honors, just as his faculties were beginning to give way before the assaults of time.

Not far from where General Mingo, with martial suavity, is bowing to everybody who catches his eye, is a matronly lady, who leads a bright-eyed, auburn-haired child. These are the elder Mrs. Maverick and her little grand-daughter Mary, who has been named after her. The little one is trying to sing a song, which her aunt Emmeline has taught her:

“We will flit as bright as spring,  
We will naught but pleasure bring,  
We will teach the world to be  
Happy, blithe, and gay as we!”

Sauntering through the wide gravelled walks of the garden are two gentlemen, whom we have certainly seen before. One is Mr. Trane. I know him by his height, and his peculiar stoop. The other has been bronzed by foreign suns. His fine, compact figure and his firm step are not unfamiliar. It is Edwin Clare, who, since we last saw him, has been to China again and returned. He has retrieved his former reverses through the extraor-



dinary rise of teas in consequence of the English invasion.

The Mavericks returned but yesterday to their ancient home. The estate had been suddenly thrown into the market by the gentleman who had taken it off of Hardworth's hands, and Harry repurchased it upon easy terms.

"It is fortunate for me," said Maverick, who, with his wife, was surveying the library—"it is fortunate for me, that neither Hardworth nor his successor had a literary family. I should hardly think these books had been touched since I saw them last. Well do I remember the morning when I took leave of them, as I supposed, for ever. Do they not seem to smile a welcome back? Friend Goldsmith, good morning! I never see you without recalling the story of the feather-bed.\* Addison! how are you? I hope Sir Roger de Coverly is well. Boswell! I am charmed to see you. You are the most gossiping, foolish, delightful, instructive, entertaining, ridiculous fellow in the world.

\* Mr. Maverick probably alludes to the following incident, related by Irving: A friend calling on Goldsmith one morning found him in bed, immersed to the chin in feathers. A serio-comic story explained the circumstance. The preceding evening he had met with a woman with five children, who implored his charity. Her husband was in the hospital, she a stranger, and destitute, without food or shelter for her helpless offspring. This was too much for the kind heart of Goldsmith. He was almost as poor as herself, it is true, and had no money in his pocket. But he brought her to the college gate, gave her the blankets from his bed to cover her little brood, and part of his clothes for her to sell and purchase food; and, finding himself cold during the night, had cut open his bed and buried himself among the feathers.

How is Dr. Johnson? How is Mrs. Thrale? Is poor blind Mrs. Williams still ailing? Is nobody well but Mr. Levett? Milton! Shakspeare! Dryden! De Foe! Pope! Franklin! Cowper! Byron! Walter Scott! I salute you with reverence. I am delighted to see you looking in such good case. Hume, Smollett, Robertson! Your most obedient! Burke! I am glad to renew our acquaintance. Jefferson! my respects. Gentlemen and ladies all! I return to your society with emotions of the profoundest—that is to say—with—unaccustomed as I am to—Ellen, help me out in my speech. The presence of all these great people is embarrassing.”

“Nay, their backs are turned upon you, and they are bound in silence and Russian leather.”

“True! But I can never feel lonely in their company. Do you remember Southey’s lines to his books?”

“No.”

“I think I can recall the first two stanzas:—

‘My days among the dead are past :  
 Around me I behold,  
 Where’er these casual eyes are cast,  
 The mighty minds of old—  
 My never-failing friends are they,  
 With whom I converse day by day.

‘With them I take delight in weal,  
 And seek relief in wo,  
 And when I understand and feel  
 How much to them I owe,  
 My cheeks have often been bedew’d  
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.’

Poor Southey! His fine intellect is now cloud-

ed with insanity. His sun is setting in darkness and in storms."

"To rise again, let us hope, in brightness."

"Yes, but for that hope—the Christian's hope—what a dreary, aimless, objectless thing would this life be! Methinks I should find no joy even in thy love, my wife, if I thought it limited to the little span of our natural existence. 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.'"

"I met with a little poem by Montgomery the other day, which haunts me like a sweet tune, both for the melody of the versification and the extreme beauty of the metaphor."

"Can you repeat it?"

"I will try:—

'Lift up thine eyes, afflicted soul!  
From earth lift up thine eyes;  
Though dark the evening shadows roll,  
And daylight beauty dies;  
One sun is set—a thousand more  
Their rounds of glory run,  
Where science leads thee to explore,  
In every star a sun.

'Thus, when some long-loved comfort ends,  
And nature would despair,  
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends,  
And meets ten thousand there;  
First faint and small, then clear and bright,  
They gladden all the gloom,  
And stars that seemed but points of light,  
The rank of suns assume.'"

"Beautiful, every way! There is not a flaw in it—in thought, diction, imagery, or rhythm."

“But how happens it, that on the ‘glorious Fourth,’ our conversation is taking so grave a turn?”

“I dare say it could be explained upon the principle of the association of ideas. Do you not remember a poem of Wordsworth’s, where he speaks of that ‘sweet mood, when pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind?’ We seem inadvertently to have hit upon the same vein with the poet.”

“Strange inconsistency of our nature, that excess of happiness should make us sad! For if I am ever sad now-a-days, it is from that cause.”

“Heaven grant that you may never experience any cause more potent!”

“While Heaven preserves you as you are, I shall not.”

“Hark! Do you not hear the guns booming across the river? It is our country’s birth-day, and we must do it honor.”

“I am too stanch a Yankee not to agree with you there. Ask Theodore if I did not once touch off a twenty-four pounder on the fourth.”

“Oh, I do not doubt you would be a second Joan d’Arc, if you had the opportunity.”

“I question whether the Maid of Orleans ever did so much as fire a Chinese cracker.”

“What a heroine you would make yourself out!”

“Is not a hero’s wife a heroine?”

“And now, Ellen, let us rejoin our friends out of doors. What a delightful day! Do you see that chamber on the eastern corner, where the plane-tree rustles against the window? That used to be mine. Don’t you remember, Emmeline, during

my long illness, how you used to come and sit for hours by my bed-side, and sing and read to me ?”

“ I shall never forget it.”

“ Poor Charley Brudenel ! I could weep at this late day when I think of him. What a bright, gay, high-hearted creature he was ! Theodore, there is a beautiful little mound, just behind the grove of chestnuts, which you see on the right. You must draw me a design for a monument to be erected there to the memory of my old playmate.”

“ It shall be done.”

“ But this is not a day for sad thoughts. We expect a party of friends by the twelve o'clock boat from the city.”

“ Whom do you expect ?” asked Emmeline.

“ In the first place, there is Ralph Armstrong with his lady. You have never seen him, Theodore ?”

“ No.”

“ He was a school-mate of mine, and is as honest a fellow as ever lived. I had the pleasure of serving him four or five years since, by obtaining for him the place of chief engineer of one of our great rail-roads. He gives complete satisfaction, and, out of his liberal salary, has managed to advance the fortunes of a large family of brothers and sisters. Last week, Ralph was married to an old friend of ours, Mary Brudenel, and is of course happy as—I was about to say, as a lord. But that is a very absurd comparison ; for there is Lord William Ormsby, who recently succeeded to his father's immense estates, but who is as miserable a man as profligacy ever made.”

“ What other visiters do you hope to see, brother ?”

“ Sim Lewis and his son John.”

“ Oh, I remember them well, and the glorious winter evening we passed together,” cried Theodore Clare.

“ John Lewis,” continued Maverick, “ who has a good deal of natural shrewdness, has risen in the world so far, as to have been run for alderman in his ward ; a circumstance which is a constant subject of merriment to his worthy old father, who cannot seem to realize that John Lewis is anything still but an overgrown boy. They will make some sport for us. Then there is old Mr. Brown, who, I suspect, Theodore, is a very formidable rival to you in Emmeline’s favor.”

“ Out upon you, Harry !” cried the young lady referred to.

“ But I have not mentioned the name of another expected visiter, who will be not among the least welcome. Mr. Wainbridge arrived yesterday in the Great Western from Bristol, with his wife and daughter. I have not seen him yet ; but sent a messenger to the city last evening express, who returned with the happy intelligence, that Wainbridge would be here with his family at the appointed time, to celebrate with us our great national holyday.”

“ What a charming party it will be !” cried Emmeline.

“ And now,” said Harry, “ suppose we marshal our forces, and take a walk toward the landing-place to meet our friends ; for it is almost twelve, and I see the smoke of the steamboat, and hear the band playing ‘ Hail Columbia.’ Come here, Miss Mary Maverick, and, grandmother, come too ! Where are Edwin and Mr. Trane ? Oh,

here they come, followed by Hotspur and General Mingo. Now, Ellen, take the arm of Mr. Trane. Emmeline, if you have no particular objection, allow Theodore to conduct you. Mrs. Maverick, senior! do you not see that Mr. Edwin Clare offers you his arm? Miss Mary Maverick, give me your hand. Come here, Hotspur, and bring up the rear. Now, General Mingo, take your place in advance, and do not let your sword trip you up again. Are we all ready? Forward! March!"

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In one of Maverick's letters addressed to Wainbridge, two or three months before the return to Eagleswood, I find the following passage:—"I thank you for your liberal offer in regard to loans; but fortune has so far kept pace with my efforts, that I see no necessity for taxing the generosity of my friends. I have prospered in my profession, and shall soon have the ability to re-purchase the old estate on the Hudson. Your reflections upon what once seemed calamitous occurrences in both our lives are just. What a worthless fellow, in all probability, I should have been, if the wealth to which I was born had not been seasonably diverted from my possession, and I thrown upon the world to *act out* whatever there was in me of value! If necessity had not stimulated me to action, I might have been at this day 'a boudoir's babbling fool,' a sensualist and an idler—a cipher in creation! How little to be envied, in the eye of experience and philosophy, are those who are born to wealth! If poverty be sometimes the mother of wretchedness, she may also point to millions

of triumphs in literature, and arts, and arms as her legitimate offspring; while wealth, with its Circean blandishments, holds back genius and young ambition from the race, until their strength is wasted or their desire vanished.

‘What merit to be dropped on fortune’s hill?  
The honor is to mount it.’”





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